

The Messenger.
SEWARD & TAYLOR,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
TENCS-TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

The St. Paul Press put on a new dress yesterday, and appeared as a ten column paper. The Press is now one of the neatest and best dailies received at this office.

THE POPE'S ILLNESS.

The advanced age of Pius IX, and the tidings of his serious illness, make it altogether probable that we shall soon have a change in the papal office. Indeed, the death of the Pope may now be considered from the public, in order that a successor may be chosen without such interference as both Italy and Germany would like to accomplish. We do not suppose that any considerable improvement is to be expected from a new pontiff. The reactionary course of the Church has not been the personal whim of Pius IX, but the settled policy of the prevailing ecclesiastical party. This party can be trusted to make the new administration substantially like the old one. Even if some compromise shall be effected with Victor Emanuel and King William, it could not last, for there is an irrepressible conflict between the rights of civil government, and papal pretensions. How soon that struggle may be precipitated, we can not tell. The struggle for ascendancy must eventually come, for the Church claims the highest allegiance of all its subjects in every nation.

THE TRIUMPHS OF AUDACITY. That the week will eventually usher in the earth in a truth which we as firmly believe, as we do the other divine statements of the Sermon on the Mount. Take it in that long run of existence, there is nothing so potent as self-recommending love. It overcomes all opposition, and wins abiding honor. But the blessed prophecy of the week is not at the present moment completely fulfilled in our country. It is almost probable that to the "good time coming," So far as immediate and transient influence is concerned, there seems to be nothing so effective as self-recommending audacity. Persons who grow suddenly rich, those who grow popular quickly, and obtain office without delay are usually not remarkable for modesty, spirituality or self-sacrifice. The absence of fastidious scruples, in assumption of superiority, are very available qualifications for a successful career. Horace Tooke said: "If you wish to be powerful, pretend to be powerful."

Thousands and thousands of people in this country wear saddles on their backs which invite you to mount, boot and spur, to ride them as far and as fast as you please. Communities are too fond of their ease, and are afraid of labor and conflict, so they allow themselves to be used as horses on which mean and corrupt men ride into power. This audacity is found in business careers, in ecclesiastical as well as political life. Even in ordinary conversation, we are sometimes disconcerted by the boldness with which a dashing talker will take your breath away, and leave you all struck and dumb at the moment of reply, by some unexpected sally of reckless wit. In business matters, public confidence is half responsible for the exploits of audacity which it suggests and facilitates. Fisk and Gould knew from the beginning that they deserved to be throttled, but they were also aware that they could throw Wall Street into such panics that for a time no hand could dare to seek their windfalls. In political affairs men seek the offices instead of the offices seeking the men. The voters have the remedy for this evil in their own hands, yet they fail to apply it. This is a private protest, but a public submission, individual indignation but general severity. Thus the people offer the highest premium for the greatest amount of impudence and insolence. So, in too many of our churches, the worst minister, his hair gone like gray, is at the mercy of any impudent parson, who, when he warms up and demands the official seal of his pastor, the majority become demoralized and are cowed into weakness and crass concessions by the audacious few.

But audacity has its limit. The bold talker gets to be dreared and finally shunned, the reckless speculator is eventually ruined. The unblushing politician becomes identified with so much villainy, that he is loathed and rejected by the same people who seemed to be carried captive at his will; and the bullying parson becomes a cynic in the church where he lived to forever rule.

Honest virtue is sure sooner or later to vindicate herself, though it sometimes seems as though she had forgotten "to lift up her head." CHAPPELLA.

A convivial in the Mississippi penitentiary dug a tunnel one hundred and eighty feet long and got out. He used the handle of a spade and was nineteen months about it.

STILLWATER MESSENGER.

VOL. XVIII--NO. 35.

STILLWATER, MINN., FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 919

THE MORMON CRISIS.

A TERRIBLE BATTLE--THE TROOPS SURPRISED, AND HORIBLY BUTCHERED--10 KILLED AND 20 WOUNDED.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20, via Lake Beds, April 20.--A reconnaissance, composed of Batteries K and D, Fourth Artillery, and Company E, Twelfth Infantry, left camp at 7:30 this morning, proceeding in the direction known to lead to the present Modoc stronghold, Capt. S. Thomas, of the Fourth Artillery, being in command. A dozen or so of Warm Springs Indians were expected to co-operate on Capt. Thomas' left wing.

There has been no religious sympathy with his movement in other parts of the country, such as he had almost a right to expect when he saw with what acuteness even Northern doctors of divinity, college presidents and theological professors, defended slavery, from the Old Testament. Polygamy and slavery (" twin harbors") were equally patriarchal, but while the owner of a hundred bondmen, and some of them with his own blood in their veins, often found the communion tables and pulpits of the Free State hospitals. The husband of a dozen wives found no church so poor as to do him reverence. It vain did he point to the precedents of his fellow patriarchs, Abraham, Jacob, David and Solomon, and ask if what God permitted and sanctioned then must not be right now. There was not enough capital invested in his institution to make it pay, and its relations to Northern business were not sufficiently numerous and important to retain sanctified and sanctifying advocates. We trust polygamy will soon follow slavery to the grave. It has been a vile blot upon the American name long enough, and we do not believe that Mormonism can furnish a successor to Brigham Young, with the required energy and skill necessary to prolong such a system of superstition.

LETTER FROM MEXICO.

The following is a letter from Col. Samuel McPhail of Redwood Falls, who has been spending the winter in Texas and Mexico.

CORAZON, April 15.

Friar Seward—I received three copies of your paper yesterday. I presume these are the only Minnesota papers to be found in this country. I assure you they were appreciated.

ONE DAY LATER.

LAVA BEUS, 5:30 A. M., April 27.—A dispatch received from Col. Green, 1st Cavalry, who went out with reinforcements yesterday morning, shows the surprise to have been much more complete and much more terribly fatal than was at first supposed. The dispatch says that Captain Thomas and Lieutenant A. K. Howe, 4th artillery, were killed; Lieutenant Harris, 4th artillery, badly, perhaps fatally wounded; Lieutenant Cranton, 4th artillery, missing. A full list of the killed and wounded are not obtained, but it is known that private Ward, battery K, and Collins, battery A, are killed, and private Boyle, of Co. E, 12th Infantry, and one other man of the same company are dead.

THE PEOPLE.

There are but two classes of people here, the rich and poor. The rich are very rich, and the poor miserably poor, and absolute paupers or slaves. They live on corn cake, garlic, goat's milk and red pepper, and a few sweet potatoes. They have a dark, swarthy complexion, with black hair and eyes. Their dress is but little in advance of that worn by Indians in Minnesota.

They are shiftless and lazy, and many of them very filthy, but all are fond of cock-fights, bull-fights and fandangoes (dances), at which the women appear in their best and make a very pretty appearance. Their head-dresses for these occasions are very unlike the American woman's bonnet, being made of about four yards of white jersey, and comes down to the length of an over-skirt. The upper part is a sunbonnet.

AMBUCADERS.

In several instances soldiers having nothing of the topography have come unaware on such fissures, and before they could escape from their prisons were encountered by the wily Indians, with rifle barrel and finger on the trigger. Death or dangerous wounds are too often the results. The cowardly red skins escaped by so many paths known only to themselves.

As a sample of their treachery and cunning, it may not be amiss to state that a portion of batteries A and K of the 4th Artillery, and Company E of the 12th Infantry, finding themselves in danger and outflanked, took shelter in a hollow spot, affording partial shelter for some twenty.

THE ALCALDE.

resides two miles from town in a magnificent residence. He has but little love for railroads, and says they will bring a class of people who will have a tendency to lead the people (religiously) astray.

AGRICULTURE.

This part of the country is poorly cultivated, but the soil is very rich and fertile. The water is good, but timber scarce. The principal kinds are maple and ash.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

diaus as having taken four scalps. This may be the whole or may only indicate his wish to be released from heavy care in his old age, but it seems to imply his despair of continued success in Utah. Probably the Pacific Railroad has given a death blow to organized Mormonism in its present home. Every new Gentile is a disintegrating influence, and it is no longer safe to defy the National Government since the barriers of a wilderness have been removed. Brigham Young has been mainly devoted to his seclusion for his security.

There has been no religious sympathy with his movement in other parts of the country, such as he had almost a right to expect when he saw with what acuteness even Northern doctors of divinity, college presidents and theological professors, defended slavery, from the Old Testament. Polygamy and slavery (" twin harbors") were equally patriarchal, but while the owner of a hundred bondmen, and some of them with his own blood in their veins, often found the communion tables and pulpits of the Free State hospitals.

The husband of a dozen wives found no church so poor as to do him reverence. It vain did he point to the precedents of his fellow patriarchs, Abraham, Jacob, David and Solomon, and ask if what God permitted and sanctioned then must not be right now.

The troops having formed, a line of skirmishers advanced without molestation until they arrived at the foot of the bluff, south of the lava beds, having in the mean while signaled to the camp that no Indians could be found. On reaching the bluff the Modocs opened a severe fire, causing the troops to seek such shelter as they could find in the crevices and clefts. As usual, the fire was unceasing. In this position soon became untenable, owing to the fact that the Indians obtained both a cross and enfilading fire. So exposed was the position that when he saw with what acuteness even Northern doctors of divinity, college presidents and theological professors, defended slavery, from the Old Testament. Polygamy and slavery (" twin harbors") were equally patriarchal, but while the owner of a hundred bondmen, and some of them with his own blood in their veins, often found the communion tables and pulpits of the Free State hospitals.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1873.

ONE OF MY "BY-GONES."

After striving all day with the total depravity of chairs and tables and headstalls, which refused on any terms to look homelike in a new house, it was comfort itself to rush out into the avenue, in the dusk, and take sweet solace from it. She would have enjoyed it, or, as quaint old Harriet expressed it,

"to loll up and down my chest And see what my soul doth wear."

It was the avenue which made me take the house; nobody's avenue in particular, yet it seemed to belong to each one of the small group of cottages to which it led from the high road. It had existed as a sort long before the great trees had time to grow up in a leisurely way and meet overhead. A long gate closed it at night from the source of the outer world, and gave greater sense of security to the lonely spinster and timid widow who lived in the cottages.

On this night a thick mist enshrouded the trees and me away with sombre garment, and the remark made by one of our old neighbors when she heard our discussion caused back to me like a bird of ill omen: "Going to Dovecotes?" Then you will live and die an old maid. No one ever goes there but the doctor to make them sick, and the lawyer to write their wills. It is far from the village to walk, and too near to make it worth while to ride.

She evidently spoke not without knowledge, and I kindly felt the little fire. It was that was wrapped up in it. It had a fearful sound to be an old maid all my days, yet old maids do live immensely long lives, having neither great joys nor great sorrows to wear out their bodies. It almost seems that with a little more effort they might live forever. I was 22 years old, and no love passages had ever been mine.

If one must be an old maid it would be some consolation to have a few old letters and a bunch of dried flowers to turn over on winter evenings. It was an old familiar track in my mind; my thoughts traveled often. The hour was not very late, but the fog made a darkness that might be felt. Suddenly I heard voices near me, but whether in front or following it was impossible to tell, as I distinguished no footsteps.

"I fear we have made a mistake," said a woman's voice, trembling in spite of a hard tone in it. "If you won't bear with me while we are lovers, what will become of me by?"

"It is when we are alone that I would ever suspect that we were lovers," rejoined a masculine voice.

"You were willing that our engagement should be secret."

"Yes, because you brought me so anxiously; but your manner to other men is utterly—utterly—"

"Don't hesitate for a word. I assure you I can endure it. My manner is so—so—"

"Unengaged, I would say, to put it in very mildy."

"Perhaps—unless you can change that manner."

"I could no more do than that a leopard could change his spots. I have loved you well, but that is no reason why we should marry, I suppose."

"Oh! none whatever. I hear some one coming. Here is the ring that you meant for a fatter. Good night and good by!"

A woman ran by me so closely that her skirts brushed mine, and the fog蔽ing the same moment, I saw the outline of a man take his leave from the long gate, on which he had been leaning, and stooping down, seemed to look for something on the ground. Then he hurried away toward the village, and as Banbury says of his pilgrims, "I saw him no more."

I felt like a person blind-folded, who has been tormented with other people's secrets against his will. I leaned my arms on the gate until the fog cleared away, and a soft, wavering moonlight fell on the trees, which seemed to whisper together about the very secrets that I shared with them. In a crack between post and bar something gleamed in the moonlight. I picked out a ring, the ring which one had thrown away in her angry haste, and which the other had looked for on the ground in vain. It was a violet form of small sapphires, with a diamond in the center. I carried it home and tucked it into the furthest corner of my upper drawer, and for a month I pondered it in my heart. I looked often with infinite pains at least a dozen advertisements which should delicately convey to the outside of a man that his ring might be recovered if he desired it. I said no word to my aunt (with whom I shared the cottage) and all other worldly goods) of my little adventure in the avenue. If she had ever had any nonsense out of her it had entirely worn off before my time. She would have sought for the owner of the ring in the

same straightforward and exhaustive way as if it had been a stray horse found in our garden. Those two lovers would have been forced to stand and deliver their names and their secret within a week.

Aunt Esther had brought me up in the same way that she did everything else; she never forgot to wind her clock on the seventh day, and she never failed to give me the good measure of home comfort, but it was not pressed down nor running over. I gave her honest liking and respect without any love and she never missed it. Nevertheless, it gave me a terrible shock when her vigorous life was suddenly arrested by a stroke of paralysis.

It was the avenue which made me take the house; nobody's avenue in particular, yet it seemed to belong to each one of the small group of cottages to which it led from the high road. It had existed as a sort long before the great trees had time to grow up in a leisurely way and meet overhead. A long gate closed it at night from the source of the outer world, and gave greater sense of security to the lonely spinster and timid widow who lived in the cottages.

At night fall she left me for an hour or two; it was then, as Kate and I tacitly supposed, that my "doctor" came to see me.

"I am afraid you are going to be very lonely here," he said after the first greetings were over.

"But I shall not live here; I am going to live with the Prudys."

"Are you sure they want you?"

"They say so."

"Doubtless they feel in that way now, but their hearts are warmed by the sight of your affliction. You had far better come home again."

He held out his arms, and finally laid his hands on him. He must have been dreaming some fearful thing, for he seized my wrists as in a vice, and roared, "Now I have you!" before he opened his eyes.

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He held out his arms, and finally laid his hands on him. He must have been dreaming some fearful thing, for he seized my wrists as in a vice, and roared, "Now I have you!" before he opened his eyes.

"I am afraid you are going to be very lonely here," he said after the first greetings were over.

"But I shall not live here; I am going to live with the Prudys."

"Are you sure they want you?"

"They say so."

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SCHEDULE TIME
—OR—
Arrival and Departure of Mails

At Stillwater, Minn.

St. Paul, Minneapolis and the East.
Arrives at 9 A.M. Closes at 4 P.M.

Marine Mills. Closes at 1:30 P.M.

Hudson, Wis. Closes at 3:30 A.M.

Lake Superior & Mississippi
pi Division;

Northern Pacific Railroad.

Direct Route to St. Paul &
Anthony, Minneapolis,
Chaska and St. Paul.

Brainerd, the capital and all points
on Northern Pacific R. R. and
Red River, Duluth, Lake
Superior and lower
Lake ports.

Spring Arrangement.—1873.

St. Paul Train.
Arrives at 12:30 P.M. Leaves at 1:30 P.M.

St. Paul, 1:30 P.M. Minneapolis, 1:30 P.M.

St. Paul, 4:30 P.M. St. Paul, 4:30 P.M.

St. Paul, 10:30 P.M. St. Paul, 10:30 P.M.

Deerfield, MINNEAPOLIS & CANTON TRAIN.
Arrives at 12:30 P.M. Leaves at 1:30 P.M.

St. Paul, 4:30 P.M. St. Paul, 4:30 P.M.

St. Paul, 10:30 P.M. St. Paul, 10:30 P.M.

Cassia, 12:30 P.M. Cassia, 12:30 P.M.

St. Paul, 4:30 P.M. St. Paul, 4:30 P.M.

St. Paul, 10:30 P.M. St. Paul, 10:30 P.M.

W. H. PRATT, Gen. Ticket Agent,
St. Paul, Superintendant.

St. Paul & Sioux City R. R.

On and after May 20th, trains will run as follows:

ST. PAUL & WORTHINGTON TRAINS.

Arrives at 7:30 A.M. in Worthington, 8:00 A.M.

St. Paul, 10:30 A.M. in St. James, 11:30 A.M.

St. Paul, 12:30 P.M. in St. Peter, 1:30 P.M.

St. Paul, 4:30 P.M. in St. Paul, 5:30 P.M.

Arrives at 10:30 P.M. from St. Paul and
Sioux City, Sup't of Freight, JNO. F. LINCOLN,

Superintendent.

The Messenger.

THE INTERVIEWER.

By JOHN BILLINGS.

I pity the poor interviewer, he is not always a bad fellow, at heart, but his trade is a mean one, and the bizziness has split him.

I would rather lead a blind mule on the tow-path for a living, or retail soft kloans from a rickety waggon, than be an interviewer, and worry people with questions they was afraid to answer and too vain to refuse.

The interviewer is a human horse; feeding on anything he can find, and digesting easy any thing he can swallow.

He is a kind of cultivated hyena, and makes ye shudder to think that at enny moment he my turn wild, and begin to hunt for a human bonefaste.

He has just brains enuff to keep his impudence aktiv, and the he has but little malice, he will hunt ya sharper, and worry ya wuss, than a canal-boat bedding.

He is like a ritch cheeze, chuck phull ov little things.

There is no eskapin this breed of kritters; if you run them overtake ya, if you steal into your hole they will either dig for ya, or stand around on the outside till you gun out.

They are suess than a flew teu a long-haired dog.

Interviewers are a cross between the old-fashioned *quid nuck* and the modern Buzzard, and are a pesky improvement on both.

Death itself is no escape from the interviewer, for they will hang around the departure till they git an item, and then go for the widow.

The interviewer would rather tell the truth if he can, but aint discouraged if he is forced to tell what sin to.

They are as dangerous few admit into your confidence as a pick-pocket will admit into his pocket, he can even thrive without being honest, and never make him a adept in his calling, he dont require only tenderness than an undertaker duz.

You can git rid ov a hornet by braking his nek, ya can cutre a blak snak, and kan hide from the sheriff, but the Interviewer, like the cuius mukseker in the dark, hovers around ya, and if he dont bite, he sings, which is the wust test ov the two.

I have bin lit onto by the Interviewer myself, and hav answered his questions, az honest az ever a child did the kauksin, and the next day road the dialogue in the morning paper, and it wuz all az new to me az Old Probabilit log of the weather.

Don't never tell any sekrets few an Interviewer; he will open them az they open oysters in the market, and retail them on the half shell.

I treat all interviewers politely; when they begin tew bait me, I

ask them tew smoke (i never know one to refuse) and when they press me too closely then i begin tow whissel.

I am an awful poor whissler emy how.

I do really pity the poor Interviewer; he works for his bread like any other scuribler, and for what i know, hates the bizziness, but i au said when i say, that if he is good at interviewing, he is too impudent te be good for eny thing else.

Some people hav tew be interviewed, and i must say, these kind ov pholks never reach the digny or impudence; they are simply disgusting.

Yan kant git a journeyman Interviewer, he thrists for game like a fox hound on the trak; he lives upon plunder, and would rather be sent up for 30 days than to see his colurr in the morning Gazette without a trophy.—N. Y. Weekly.

MORALITY OF CONGRESSMEN.

"Any senator who does not make his office pay, at least a hundred thousand dollars a term does not use his chanches," said a man of the world, perfectly informed of what he spoke. That many do not use their chances is perfectly certain, and equally certain that many do. There are men in both houses of Congress who would deliberately choose poverty rather than such a stinge of their honor. Yet this type of men in the Congress of the United States each year becomes rarer. Why? Not because the nation is not rich in such men. But because that power which prevails does not send such men thither. Honest men still come who are the abolute choice of their constituents, as they once did, the majority of whom are nobly born. With thrift, and wealth, and comfort, I tally racy neck and neck. Kind to me if you want me to be useful to you. And near the day when the red horse of war shall be hooked and impudent; and the pale horse of death shall be hauled back on his haunches, but the red horse, peace and joy, and triumph shall run on us with force like the sun, all nations following!—Evangelist.

THE DAILY INTER-OCEAN

is published every day in the world (Sunday excepted).

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

By mail (payable in advance) for six months, \$2.00; by mail (payable in advance) for twelve months, \$2.50; by mail (payable in advance) for three years, \$8.00; by mail (payable in advance) for five years, \$10.00.

TERMINATION OF CONTRACT:

With two months' notice.

"GOOD-NIGHT PROFIC."

—SO TIRED."

By far the most complete and beautiful Chromo ever offered at Premiums.

THE INDEPENDENT

is now sent to actual subscribers at the price of \$1.00 per month, and to all parts of the world, \$1.50 per month.

Now is the time to subscribe for the Independent. Special copies containing list of other Premiums.

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MILLIONS OF ACRES

IOWA & NEBRASKA LANDS

For sale by the

Burlington & Rio R. R. Co.

On Ten Years Credit at 6 per cent. Interest.

Payments will be required for the land and improvements, and for the first year's interest on the same, and probably never will be required again.

Specie or gold coin, or with paper money.

Special arrangements made with money lenders.

Teachers and Schools supplied with Sheet Music and Music Books at usual rates.

by mail will receive prompt attention.

Dyer Bros. & Howard

161 Third Street, ST. PAUL

april 1st

BRONSON

&

FOLSOM.

CORNER MAIN AND MYRTLE STREETS,

STILLWATER, MINNESOTA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

DRY GOODS

Clothing, Furnishing Goods,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HARDWARE, CUTLERY,

Crockery, Glassware,

WINDOW GLASS,

Nails, Cordage, Sugar, Syrups, Molasses, Pork,

Beef, Fish,

TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES,

—AND—

Spindled Illustrations

Tomes & Flowers! Bulbs!

Seeds, Plant Boxes!

Nursery Stock, Fruit and Flower Plates,

Address, E. K. PHOENIX,

BLOOMINGTON NURSERY,

100 Acres, 1 1/2 Miles S. of Bloomington, Illinoian, April, 1, 1873. \$250.00 per acre. 120 Acres, \$300.00 per acre. 240 Acres, \$400.00 per acre. 360 Acres, \$500.00 per acre. 480 Acres, \$600.00 per acre. 600 Acres, \$700.00 per acre. 720 Acres, \$800.00 per acre. 840 Acres, \$900.00 per acre. 960 Acres, \$1,000.00 per acre. 1,080 Acres, \$1,100.00 per acre. 1,200 Acres, \$1,200.00 per acre. 1,320 Acres, \$1,300.00 per acre. 1,440 Acres, \$1,400.00 per acre. 1,560 Acres, \$1,500.00 per acre. 1,680 Acres, \$1,600.00 per acre. 1,800 Acres, \$1,700.00 per acre. 1,920 Acres, \$1,800.00 per acre. 2,040 Acres, \$1,900.00 per acre. 2,160 Acres, \$2,000.00 per acre. 2,280 Acres, \$2,100.00 per acre. 2,400 Acres, \$2,200.00 per acre. 2,520 Acres, \$2,300.00 per acre. 2,640 Acres, \$2,400.00 per acre. 2,760 Acres, \$2,500.00 per acre. 2,880 Acres, \$2,600.00 per acre. 3,000 Acres, \$2,700.00 per acre. 3,120 Acres, \$2,800.00 per acre. 3,240 Acres, \$2,900.00 per acre. 3,360 Acres, \$3,000.00 per acre. 3,480 Acres, \$3,100.00 per acre. 3,600 Acres, \$3,200.00 per acre. 3,720 Acres, \$3,300.00 per acre. 3,840 Acres, \$3,400.00 per acre. 3,960 Acres, \$3,500.00 per acre. 4,080 Acres, \$3,600.00 per acre. 4,200 Acres, \$3,700.00 per acre. 4,320 Acres, \$3,800.00 per acre. 4,440 Acres, \$3,900.00 per acre. 4,560 Acres, \$4,000.00 per acre. 4,680 Acres, \$4,100.00 per acre. 4,800 Acres, \$4,200.00 per acre. 4,920 Acres, \$4,300.00 per acre. 5,040 Acres, \$4,400.00 per acre. 5,160 Acres, \$4,500.00 per acre. 5,280 Acres, \$4,600.00 per acre. 5,400 Acres, \$4,700.00 per acre. 5,520 Acres, \$4,800.00 per acre. 5,640 Acres, \$4,900.00 per acre. 5,760 Acres, \$5,000.00 per acre. 5,880 Acres, \$5,100.00 per acre. 6,000 Acres, \$5,200.00 per acre. 6,120 Acres, \$5,300.00 per acre. 6,240 Acres, \$5,400.00 per acre. 6,360 Acres, \$5,500.00 per acre. 6,480 Acres, \$5,600.00 per acre. 6,600 Acres, \$5,700.00 per acre. 6,720 Acres, \$5,800.00 per acre. 6,840 Acres, \$5,900.00 per acre. 6,960 Acres, \$6,000.00 per acre. 7,080 Acres, \$6,100.00 per acre. 7,200 Acres, \$6,200.00 per acre. 7,320 Acres, \$6,300.00 per acre. 7,440 Acres, \$6,400.00 per acre. 7,560 Acres, \$6,500.00 per acre. 7,680 Acres, \$6,600.00 per acre. 7,800 Acres, \$6,700.00 per acre. 7,920 Acres, \$6,800.00 per acre. 8,040 Acres, \$6,900.00 per acre. 8,160 Acres, \$7,000.00 per acre. 8,280 Acres, \$7,100.00 per acre. 8,400 Acres, \$7,200.00 per acre. 8,520 Acres, \$7,300.00 per acre. 8,640 Acres, \$7,400.00 per acre. 8,760 Acres, \$7,500.00 per acre. 8,880 Acres, \$7,600.00 per acre. 8,000 Acres, \$7,700.00 per acre. 9,120 Acres, \$7,800.00 per acre. 9,240 Acres, \$7,900.00 per acre. 9,360 Acres, \$8,000.00 per acre. 9,480 Acres, \$8,100.00 per acre. 9,600 Acres, \$8,200.00 per acre. 9,720 Acres, \$8,300.00 per acre. 9,840 Acres, \$8,400.00 per acre. 9,960 Acres, \$8,500.00 per acre. 10,080 Acres, \$8,600.00 per acre. 10,200 Acres, \$8,700.00 per acre. 10,320 Acres, \$8,800.00 per acre. 10,440 Acres, \$8,900.00 per acre. 10,560 Acres, \$9,000.00 per acre. 10,680 Acres, \$9,100.00 per acre. 10,800 Acres, \$9,200.00 per acre. 10,920 Acres, \$9,300.00 per acre. 11,040 Acres, \$9,400.00 per acre. 11,160 Acres, \$9,500.00 per acre. 11,280 Acres, \$9,600.00 per acre. 11,400 Acres, \$9,700.00 per acre. 11,520 Acres, \$9,800.00 per acre. 11,640 Acres, \$9,900.00 per acre. 11,760 Acres, \$10,000.00 per acre. 11,880 Acres, \$10,100.00 per acre. 11,000 Acres, \$10,200.00 per acre. 11,920 Acres, \$10,300.00 per acre. 11,040 Acres, \$10,400.00 per acre. 11,160 Acres, \$10,500.00 per acre.

LOCAL NEWS.

See Notice to Contractors in another column.

Eggs continue to be sold at 20 cents per dozen.

Goat butter is scarce and in good demand at 40 cents.

As we go to press the weather is cold with prospects of rain.

A cow belonging to M. Moffat passed in her checks this morning.

There have been 41 steamboat arrivals at our levee within the past week.

We counted eight steamboats lying at our levee, Wednesday morning.

Farmers are busy with their spring work, hence business is less active than usual.

W. L. Wilson of St. Paul was in town this morning, scouting a bank-ruptcy case.

A substantial plank sidewalk is being laid in front of and between Wolf, Tanner & Co.'s grocery store.

We learn on good authority that there is but little prospect of a regular line of steamers plying on the lakes between Buffalo and Duluth this season.

We learn that the boom will probably be closed to-morrow, the old stock of logs being nearly exhausted. The new crop will not commence arriving for several weeks.

A lively little runaway took place this morning as we go to press. No great damage was done. The team ran into the sand bank north-west of the Myrtle street church.

Sheriff Carli took to the Reform School or Monday last, the two boys, Charlie Sawyer and George Van Vorhees, who were convicted of stealing some shooting irons from Maj. Van Vorhees.

Members of the oil First Minnesota who reside in this county are invited to meet at the County Treasurer's office on Saturday evening next, to make arrangements for the annual reunion of the regiment to be held in this city in a short time.

Deacons.—H. R. Murdock, who was last week appointed County Commissioner to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Harry Westing, declines to accept, as his business did not permit him to give the necessary time to the duties of the office.

A convict named Scott attempted to escape from Prison on Friday last, having purchased a fine stock of goods, which are arriving daily.

Alderman J. A. Dergasich, the business manager of Schenckburg, Boeckeler & Co.'s store, returned last week from a purchasing tour in the Eastern cities.

Major Dow of the firm of Staples & Doe & Hersey, was on Wednesday night found a three weeks trip to New York and Boston, whether he went for new goods. Some of the articles received by express are beau-tifully made.

NEW YORK BOAT.

Doe & Hersey are having a new tow-boat built for their trade to be called the "City of Stillwater," which will be ready for business about the first of June.

HORSE KILLED.

A horse belonging to Matthews & Jordan was killed on Tuesday evening. Among others this horse was being taken to Lily Lake to water, when the animals commenced kicking. The horse referred to suffered the fracture of one of his fore legs, after which he was shot.

WIFE BEATING.

A brute living in the suburbs of our city has been in the habit of late of pounding and otherwise abusing his wife. Last Tuesday evening he again indulged in his favorite amusement, but no particular harm was done. The man was not arrested, consequently we mention no names.

BUSINESS MEETING.

A regular meeting of the Executive Committee of the Washington County Agricultural Society will be held at Lakeland, on Saturday, May 24, at which meeting the premium list will be rearranged, and the time and place of holding the annual fair determined. Towns desiring to secure such an event are invited to present necessary inducements.

A WANT LONG FELT.

At last supplied. Mrs. Francis has opened a first-class Restaurant and Confectionery. Store on Eridy building, one door south of Corman's cigar store. Ladies and gentlemen will find his establishment a pleasant resort. A handsome sofa fountain continually on tap. Ice cream and confectionery for parties furnished on short notice.

VIOLENT WIND STORM.

An unusually violent wind storm swept over the city for four hours. The air was dense with flying particles of dust and gravel, and pedestrians were scarcely able to keep the dust from their eyes sufficiently to enable them to perambulate with safety. The lake was rendered exceedingly rough during the prevalence of the storm.

To the Silliman Manager:

A false statement seems to have been circulated as to the cause of the death of James Kelly Jr., will you please to correct, by stating, that at the request of the family I investigated the matter and satisfied that there was no foul play in the case.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

JAS. C. HOPPER, M. D. Gorham.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

ANNUAL SESSIONS.

Pardon Received, April 25.

Present—Aldermen Seymour, Prentiss, East, Anderson, Moore, Tuor, Mathew, Jassey and Haussner.

On motion of Mr. Moore the petition of Seymour, Sabine & Co., and others asking that the engine house be located on John McKinstry's lot on Commercial Avenue, and offering the same for \$1,800, was indefinitely postponed.

Bond of J. S. Davis, Justice of the Peace, First Ward, approved and ordered filed.

At the request of D. Bronson, Clerk of the Fire Department, the Clerk was authorized to offer \$2 by day and \$5 by night for the first team which should arrive at the engine house at alarm of fire and convey the engine to the fire.

Without waiting to ascertain the extent of the damages, she had instructed the Nellie to go to the left, but the Nellie kept on her course, and although efforts were made to prevent the concussion, they quickly collided, the Nellie being struck in the side, breaking her hull, in consequence of which she filled with water and sank in a few moments, only a few feet of her deck-stack being left above water.

The committee on plans and specifications reported that they had not yet received the same, and were accordingly unable to make any report.

The petition for the extension of Pine street from Holcombe street to Greely street was taken up, and the Clerk instructed to give the necessary notice.

[Sad notice is published elsewhere.]

BILLS ALLOWED.

W. E. Miller, \$100.00

Ph. Miller, chairs, etc., for

14 P. E. Joy, wood, etc., 50.00

D. Robinson, hauling engine, 3.00

Adjourned to Saturday evening, April 26, at 8 o'clock.

Council met pursuant to adjournment.

Present—Messrs. Anderson, Dergasich, Haussner, Jassey, Matthew, Moore, Tuor, and Peirce, Seymour.

Wm. McElroy presented the deed of the engine house lot on Third and Myrtle streets, which was referred to the Mayor.

Mr. Lindall represented Chicago

and the State Legislator last winter and the winter before. He was a energetic business man, and his loss will be sorely felt in his own community and elsewhere.

DEATH OF HON. JOACHIM LINDALL.

A dispatch received this morning for the Captain of the steamer Nellie Kent, from Capt. Knapp of the steamer G. B. Knapp, states that Mr. Lindall of Franklin, fell overboard at Hastings early in the morning of 1 o'clock and was drowned. Mr. Lindall had chartered the Knapp for the season and was acting as chief clerk.

The news of Mr. Lindall's melancholy death created a feeling of profound sadness among our business men, whom he was universally esteemed.

Mr. Lindall represented Chicago

and the State Legislator last winter and the winter before. He was a energetic business man, and his loss will be sorely felt in his own community and elsewhere.

DEATH ON THE DRIVE.

On Saturday morning last, Jas. Sonnenfeld and others were breaking a high landing on Pogekanee street, two miles from Pine City, the logs rolled down the bank and Hullquist with them. Other logs rolled over Mr. Hullquist, crushing his head and chest. He was quickly taken out, but survived only about fifteen minutes.

After an unusual amount of exertion, he reached the scene of the accident, and was immediately sent to the hospital.

Mr. Hullquist was about 34 years of age, and was unmarried. A brother and sister in this place mourn his unhappy fate.

A PROTRACTED HUNT.

On Saturday last Johnny Torn and Sonnenfeld, both of this city, began a search for the missing boy, who had been missing before his comrades' next work. His absence was discovered when the Deputy Warden made his inspecting tour before supper, and he was quickly found. A few days in the dungeon convinced him that escape was hopeless.

PERSONAL.—E. Price returned from New York on Friday last, having purchased a fine stock of goods, which are arriving daily.

Alderman J. A. Dergasich, the business manager of Schenckburg, Boeckeler & Co.'s store, returned last week from a purchasing tour in the Eastern cities.

Major Dow of the firm of Staples & Doe & Hersey, was on Wednesday night found a three weeks trip to New York and Boston, whether he went for new goods. Some of the articles received by express are beau-tifully made.

NEW SPRING MILLINERY.

Just received and now open at 915 Ensign street, A. C. Jacobs & Co.'s, on Chestnut street.

Men with families should look to their interests. They can save money by buying their groceries and provisions at Moore & Kinsella's.

LEONARD—in this city, April 25, daughter of Theodore and — Leonard, aged 19.

DEATH OF OLD HITS.

This renowned Indian woman, whose name is familiar to any one who has visited St. Paul for twenty years, passed away yesterday morning.

During the Indian outbreak Betsy befriended the white captives, and when the greater portion of her tribe were banished from the State she was allowed to take up her abode in Mendota, where she lived until the day of her death. Her principal avocation since 1862 has been beggary, in which she displayed remarkable talents.

SINGULAR FIRE.

A little after daylight this morning an employe on the steamer Frank Williams discovered a fire on the hurricane deck of that vessel, which he extinguished without difficulty after it had burned a hole in the deck about a foot wide and 18 inches long. Had the fire progressed a few more feet it would have been fatal, as a strong wind was blowing.

The origin of the fire is unknown.

There are indications that it was the work of an incendiary, but Capt. Gray inclines to the belief that it was caused by a spark from the Nellie.

NOT LISTED TO LETTERS.

Receiving and unclaiming at the Post Office at Stillwater Junction on Wednesday evening, a dozen of South Stillwater, B. O. Vins, who was run over by the cars, the head being severed from the body. The young man had formerly lived in St. Paul, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday found them still frenzied, and on Thursday Mr. Fein went to Mr. Henning's, where he had reason to know the trunks were staying to bring home his wretched son. The youngsters were enjoying themselves hugely, and were loath to return. In fact Tobin turned back after proceeding a short distance. Young Fein is said to be "deadset" when he sits.

GOOD FARM FOR RENT.

For rent 3 miles back of Hudson. Portion plowed last fall.

915 Enquire at S. S. Sellen's.

DEED.

Annuities inserted under this heading refer to those offered charged at 5% interest, and are not to be confused with stocks of the like.

LEONARD—in this city, April 25, daughter of Theodore and — Leonard, aged 19.

DEATH OF OLD HITS.

This renowned Indian woman, whose name is familiar to any one who has visited St. Paul for twenty years, passed away yesterday morning.

During the Indian outbreak Betsy befriended the white captives, and when the greater portion of her tribe were banished from the State she was allowed to take up her abode in Mendota, where she lived until the day of her death. Her principal avocation since 1862 has been beggary, in which she displayed remarkable talents.

SINGULAR FIRE.

A little after daylight this morning an employe on the steamer Frank Williams discovered a fire on the hurricane deck of that vessel, which he extinguished without difficulty after it had burned a hole in the deck about a foot wide and 18 inches long.

Had the fire progressed a few more feet it would have been fatal, as a strong wind was blowing.

The origin of the fire is unknown.

There are indications that it was the work of an incendiary, but Capt. Gray inclines to the belief that it was caused by a spark from the Nellie.

NOTICE.

ATTERTON, BAKER & CO., 100

Third Street, St. Paul, State Agents for

Reynold's Wright Iron Furnaces, Large

stoves, Chimneys, Stoves, Gas

Ranges, &c. Special attention paid to

Plumbing and Steam Fitting.

1912.

KING OF THE BLOOD.—CANCER.

It is well known that

the King of the Blood

is the cause of all

the diseases of the human

body, and that it is

the cause of all

diseases of the human

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LOCAL NEWS.

See Notice to Contractors in another column.

Eggs continue to be sold at 20 cents per dozen.

Goat butter is scarce and in good demand at 40 cents.

As we go to press the weather is cold with prospects of rain.

A cow belonging to M. Moffat passed in her checks this morning.

There have been 41 steamboat arrivals and 80 boats within the past week.

We counted eight steamboats lying at our levee, on Wednesday morning.

There have been 41 steamboats arriving at our levee within the past week.

Farmers are busy with their spring work, hence business is less active than usual.

W. L. Wilson of St. Paul was in town this morning, scouting a bankruptcy case.

A new granite sidewalk is being laid in front of and between Wolf, Mrs. Jacobs & Co.'s grocery stores.

We learn on good authority that there is no prospect of a fair line of steamers plying the lake between Buffalo and Duluth this season.

We learn that the boom will probably be closed to-morrow, the old stock of logs being nearly exhausted. The new crop will not commence arriving for several weeks.

A lively little runaway took place this morning, running to town. No great damage was done. The team ran into the sand bank north-west of the Myrtle street church.

Sheriff Carl told us the Reform Society Monthly, the two boys, Charles Sauer and George Rooney, who were convicted of stealing some shooting irons from Maj. Van Vorhes.

The members of the old society who reside in this county are invited to meet at the County Treasurer's office on Saturday evening next, to make arrangements for the annual reunion of the regiment, to be held in this city in a short time.

John H. M. Moore, who was last week appointed County Commissioner to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Henry Westing, declines to accept, as his business will not permit him to give the necessary time to the duties of the office.

A convict named Scott attempted to escape from Prison on Saturday evening last by secreting himself in one of the outer buildings before his comrades quit work. His absence was discovered when the Deputy Warden made his inspecting tour before supper, and he was quickly found. A few days in the dungeon convinced him that escape was hopeless.

PERSONAL.—E. P. Story returned from New York on Friday last, having purchased a fine stock of goods, which are arriving daily.

Alderman J. A. Deraig, the business manager of Schulenburg, Boeck & Co.'s store, returned last week from a purchasing tour in the Eastern cities.

Major Dow of the firm of Staples & Hersey, returned on Wednesday evening from a three weeks trip to New York and Boston, whence he went for new goods. Some of the articles received by express are beautiful to behold.

NEW YORK JOBSITE.

Durant & Wheeler are having a new two-story built for their trade, to be called the "City of Stillwater," which will be ready for business about the first of June.

HORSE KILLED.

This renowned Indian, whose name is unknown to any one who has visited St. Paul for twenty years, passed into the happy hunting grounds from her tepee at Mendota on Saturday last.

Betty is generally supposed to have spent upwards of 100 years on this mundane sphere, though there is no way of determining her exact age.

During the Indian outbreak Betty befriended the white captives, and when the greater portion of her tribe were banished from the State she was allowed to take up her abode in Mendota, where she lived until the day of her death.

Her principal occupation since 1862 has been begging, in which she displayed remarkable talents.

SINGULAR FIRE.

A little after daylight this morning an employee on the steamer Wyman discovered a fire on the hurricane deck of that vessel, which he extinguished without difficulty after it had been burning for a few minutes.

The origin of the fire is unknown.

There are indications that it was the work of an incendiary, but Capt. Gray inclines to the belief that it was caused by a spark from the Nellie Kent.

WE WANT LONG FEET.

At least supplied. Thus Francis has opened a first-class Restaurant and Confectionery Store in the Eldridge building, one door south of Conrad's cigar store, on Main street. Ladies and gentlemen will find his establishment a pleasure room. A handsome sofa fountain continually on tap. Tea, cream and confectionery for parties furnished on short notice.

VIOLENT WIND STORM.

An unusually violent wind storm swept along the river yesterday, lasting for an hour. The air was dense with flying particles of dust and gravel, and pedestrians were scarcely able to keep the dust from their eyes sufficiently to enable them to perambulate with safety. The lake was rendered exceedingly rough during the prevalence of the storm.

To the Stillwater Manager:

As a false statement seems to have been circulated as to the cause of the death of James Kelly Jr., will you please to correct, by stating, that at the request of the family investigated the matter and am satisfied that there was no foul play in the case.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

Jas. C. Brown, M. D. Gorour.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

APPROVED SESSIONS.

PRAUD BYRON, April 25.

Present—Aldermen SEXTON, President, ANDERSON, MOORE, TUER, MATTHEWS, JASSEY and HAUSER.

On motion of Mr. Moore the petition of Seymour, Sabin & Co. and others asking that the engine house be located on John McKinstry's lot on Commercial Avenue, and offering the same for \$1,500, was indefinitely postponed.

Motion of J. S. Davis, Justice of the Peace First Ward, approved and ordered filed.

At the request of D. Bronson, Clerk of the Fire Department, the Clerk was authorized to offer \$3 by day and \$5 by night for the first team which should arrive at the engine house to pull the bell being struck in the side, breaking the bell, in consequence of which she filled with water and sank in a few moments, only a few feet above the water-mark being left above her.

Without waiting to ascertain the extent of the damages she had inflicted, the Nellie kept on, reaching this point on Tuesday morning.

The Belle of Ileau was on her way to Stillwater, where she was to run as a ferry between Stillwater and Hastings. The crew reached shore without difficulty, and the passengers came up on the Minnesota steamer forenoon to report the accident to the owner of the boat, Mr. L. E. Torinus.

The Belle was valued at \$1,000, and was soon commenced against the owner of the Nellie to recover damages.

Lace Collars and embroidery is being sold in front of and between Wolf, Mrs. Jacobs & Co.'s.

918-19

DEATH OF HON. JOSEPH LINDALL.

A dispatch received in this city this morning for the Captain of the steamer Nellie Kent, Mr. Lindall of Philadelphia, fell overboard at Hastings last night about 12 o'clock and was drowned. Mr. Lindall had chartered the Knapp for the season and was acting as chief clerk.

The news of Mr. Lindall's melancholy fate excited a profound of profound sadness among our business men, whom he was universally esteemed.

Mr. Lindall represented Chicago county, in the State Legislature last session, and was a member of the Committee on Education, forenoon to report the accident to the owner of the Knapp for the season and was acting as chief clerk.

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The Messenger.
SEWARD & TAYLOR,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
TEN CENTS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

No news from the Modocs. All quiet on the Lava Beds.

Stokes has again been denied a trial. Now let him swing.

Congress Justice Salmon P. Chase died suddenly of apoplexy on Wednesday, at the residence of his daughter, New York.

Okies Axes of Credit Mobilier fame was attacked with paralysis on Monday, and at last accounts was in a very precarious situation.

Tus Munch and Seeger property is advertised to be sold under the auctioneer's hammer for the benefit of the bondholders of the late State Treasurer.

POLITICS

The political calendar seems to be being quite visibly entered at this early date. Of course the few who do all the selection of candidates have to commence in time so as to kill off as many as can be comfortably disposed of. For Governor several persons are brought forward. W. D. Washburn of Minneapolis, Thos. Armstrong and Gov. Austin while the Dispatch is pressing Hon. C. K. Davis on the attention of the people. Somebody must be disappointed. We say let us have the best man. Let us have for Governor a man who is in sympathy with the people, one who will respect their rights. It is quite probable that there will be a contest between moneyed interest and labor, between labor and capital, between monopolies and the rights of all. We want no man for candidate for Governor who gives any uncertain sound. We want a man with the people and of the people. We believe that the contest between moneyed aristocracy and humble labor will be fought out long, and men in high places must be men who stand with the rank and file. We state no preference of our men, but when the time comes for action, we propose to throw off our coat and take a part in the elevation of some one to the Governor's chair who shall be a credit to the State.

THE BACK PAY GRAB.

The Congressmen who fled the Treasury of "back pay," already "have their reward." They

are followed to their homes by a storm of indignation, which must be the reverse of comfortable for them. The list of members who voted for this piece of dishonesty has been spread before the world. They make efforts to keep public opinion, but public opinion may express itself in votes, as they will find. No doubt it appears extraordinary to the politicians who favored the back-salary theft that the ghost of it will not down at their bidding. The discussion of the subject grows warmer and warmer. Mr. Damrell and Gen. Averill have both "risen to explain," but the clouds are not all cleared away yet. Gen. Averill takes a straightforward course, and talks right to the point. Better do this than to quibble, and explain, for generally the more you explain, the less clear the subject becomes. He says he voted for the back pay because he thought it was right. Without disputing his convictions, we believe it would have been far better for him and all others who voted for the measure to have dropped the whole thing.

But while we blame those who voted for the bill, we doubly condemn those who voted against the measure during the whole of the proceedings, and have taken their share. Such double dealing deserves the censure and contempt of every citizen. Let the people remember them.

THE VIENNA EXPOSITION.

This exposition bids fair to be a great success. Indeed the Austrian Government intends to make it far superior to the one held in Paris six years ago. As different countries will vie with each other to exhibit the greatest number, and the most curious articles, it is expected that the exposition will be a splendid affair. So far as our country is concerned, we hope that our commissioners will see to it that all deserved credit is given to us. It is quite likely that her Imperial Majesty, the Empress of Austria, will be the great central star of the exposition. The Empress, at the age of sixteen, became, unconsciously, the heroine of one of those episodes, which at times illuminate the records of influential families every where. The young Emperor, Francis Joseph, after having been emperor six years, paid a visit to his aunt, the Duchess Louise of Bavaria. Here met the one who was afterward to be so famous. She was married to Francis Joseph, and crowned Empress of Austria April 24, 1854, and Queen of Hungary June 8, 1867. She is now in her 37th year, and is still as beautiful as ever. It is expected that the Emperor and Empress will, not only for their own sake but for the glory of their country, try to eclipse all that has ever been done in the way of expositions before.

STILLWATER MESSENGER.

VOL. XVIII—NO. 36.

STILLWATER, MINN., FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 920

STILL THEY COME.

Things seem to be getting in a bad way. Even the commissioners appointed to attend the great exposition at Vienna, have been caught purchasing their places. Some of them are now on their way to Vienna, and the order remains. Their appointment will meet them there. It is bad enough to have the country disgraced at home through the injurious movements of her public officers, but come to be disgraced abroad by such follows is pretty severe.

Another set of commissioners have been appointed, and we devoutly hope that the good name of our country may be kept bright by them. For its teeth were sharp and keen. The sawer's heart was full of joy. All care to the winds he tossed; He thought of the dollars coming in; Of sixteen fifty above their cost. For logs were logs that year!

If each log had a soul, And was large, tall, fat and sleek, With an endless amount of grit; And if a cat came in the house He was certain sure to go for it, With a hercules subline.

One day the sawyer went to work! Whiz! whiz! the saw went round, Threw the sawdust far and wide, And the song it sang had a merry sound.

For its teeth were sharp and keen. The sawer's heart was full of joy. All care to the winds he tossed; He thought of the dollars coming in; Of sixteen fifty above their cost. For logs were logs that year!

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If each log had a soul, And was large, tall, fat and sleek, With an endless amount of grit; And if a cat came in the house He was certain sure to go for it, With a hercules subline.

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If

The Messenger.
SEWARD & TAYLOR,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

No news from the Modocs. All quiet on the Lava Beds.

STOKES has again been denied a new trial. Next let him swing.

COURT Justice Salmon P. Chase died suddenly of apoplexy on Wednesday, at the residence of his daughter in New York.

OAKS Annex, of Credit Mobilier fame was attacked with paralysis on Monday, but at last accounts is in a very promising situation.

TUX MUNCH and SINGER property is advertised to be sold under the auctioneer's hammer for the benefit of the bondholders of the late State Treasurer.

POLITICS.

The political calendar seems to be being quite visibly entered at this early date. Of course the few who do all the selection of candidates have to commence in time so as to kill off as many as can be comfortably disposed of. For Governor several persons are brought forward, W. D. Washburn of Minneapolis, Thos. Armstrong and Gov. Austin while the Dispatch is pressing Hon. C. K. Davis on the attention of the people. Somebody must be disappointed. We say let us have the best man. Let us have for Governor a man who is in sympathy with the people, one who will respect their rights. It is quite probable that there will be a contest between moneyed interest and labor, between labor and capital, between monopolies and the rights of all. We want no man for candidate for Governor who gives any uncertain sound. We want a man with the people, and of the people. We believe that the contest between moneyed aristocracy and the humble labor will be fought, ere long, and men in high places must be men who stand with the rank and file. We state no preference of our men, but when the time comes for action, we propose to throw off our coat and take a part in the elevation of some one to the Governor's chair, who shall be a credit to the State.

THE RACE PAY GRAB.

The Congressmen who bled the Treasury of "black pay" idly "have their reward."

They are followed to their homes by a storm of indignation, which must be the reverse of comfortable for them. The list of members who voted for this piece of dishonesty has been spelt before the world. They may affect to despise public opinion, but public opinion may express itself in votes, as they well find. No doubt it appears extraordinary to the politicians who favored the buck-salary theft that the glass of it will not down at their bidding. The discussion of the subject grows warmer and warmer. Mr. Darnell and Gen. Averill have both "risen to explain," but the clouds are not cleared away yet. Gen. Averill takes a straightforward course and talks right to the point. Better do this than to quibble, and explain, for generally the more we explain, the less clear the subject becomes. He says he voted for the back pay because he thought it was right. Without disputing his convictions, we believe it would have been far better for him and all others who voted for the measure to have dropped the whole thing.

But while we blame those who voted for the bill, we doubly condemn those who voted against the measure during the whole of the proceedings, and have taken their share. Such double-dealing deserves the censure and contempt of every citizen. Let the people remember them.

THE VIENNA EXPOSITION.

This exposition bids fair to be a great success. Indeed the Austrian Government intends to make it far superior to the one held in Paris six years ago. All different countries will vie with each other to exhibit the greatest number, and the most curious articles, it is expected that the exposition will be a splendid affair. So far as our country is concerned, we hope that our commissioners will see to it that all deserved credit is given to us. It is quite likely that her Imperial Majesty, the Empress of Austria, will be the general star of the exposition. The Empress, at the age of sixteen, became, unconsciously, one of those episodes which at times illuminate the records of influential families every where. The young Emperor, Francis Joseph, after having been emperor six years, paid a visit to his aunt, the Duchess Louise of Bavaria. Here met the one who was afterward to be so famous. She was married to Francis Joseph, and crowned Empress of Austria April 24, 1854, and Queen of Hungary June 8, 1867. She is now in her 37th year, and is still as beautiful as ever. It is expected that the Emperor and Empress will, not only for their own sake but for the glory of their country, try to eclipse all that has ever been done in the way of expositions before.

STILLWATER MESSENGER.

VOL. XVIII—NO. 36.

STILLWATER, MINN., FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 920

STILL! THEY COME.

Things seem to be getting in a bad way. Even the commissioners appointed to attend the great exposition at Vienna, have been caught purchasing their places. Some of them are now on the way to Vienna, and the order regarding their appointment will meet them there. It is bad enough to have the country disgraced at home through the mere conduct of our public officers, but come to be disgraced abroad by such fellows is pretty severe.

Another set of commissioners has been appointed, and we devoutly hope that the good name of our country may be kept bright by them.

Money is being used to buy off with, and the deeper the power, the stronger the power. This matter of buying the privilege of going to Vienna is to be investigated. It seems as though it would be an excellent plan for Congress to provide for a perpetual committee of this character. Let them be paid well, else they themselves will bear to be investigated.

GRANDMA'S ROCKING CHAIR.

Grandma's Old Rocking Chair was an institution in its day. It was a luxury not only to the good old soul who possessed a more than earthly title, a "warrant," to its fair outstretching spacious, sunless embrace, but to us little ones, who were taught such noble lessons to guard us in coming life, from the lips of who now things They surely get an audience rest, you are sure to like it!"

O, those who oft on summer night Have sought to woo the drowsy god, Uneasy turned out from side to side, While Tom would Tab upon the sod With many a fond care!

And when that woe—in vain Hath caused Tom, for hours long,

To warble sweetly to his love The pen up volume of his song—

In language truly classic,

Let not us Sir Tom's fate Bring grief unto thy breast,

For Tom, though dead, hath left behind Some friends, who will with equal zest Still sing the same old song.

FUNNYGRAPHES.

Ere long—a donkey.

Voice of the night—babies.

A pleasant kind of husbandry—removing a widow's weeds.

A lecture announced the price of his tickets to be fifty cents, and added, children supplied at the same rates. The next day three and a half hours had been earned by this old chisel; many a tear and sob have bloomed into radiant joy and laughter by her who years ago went down into the dark valley where hundreds of kindred foot-steps are walking to-day.

How well do we remember the occupant. She wore a halo about her brow which earthly vision could not discern. How we children sat clustering about the loved one, whose place is vacant now, but whose memory shall be with us forevermore. How we listened to her tales of ancient times, to stories of the old war, the struggle for independence.

An old lady said, "The Lord is very good to me. I've lost my husband and my eldest son and my youngest daughter, and I'm half blind, and I can't move for the rheumatism, but I've got two teeth left in my head, and praise and bless his holy name, they're opposite each other.

SPLATTERS.

Florida sells splatters by the yard.

"Put yourself in his place?" is bad reasoning for a jury.

The Mississippi River drains a country of 550,000 square miles.

A young lawyer in North Carolina was recently paid a pound of butter for legal services.

People often complain of not getting their rights, and it is sometimes well for them that they have taken to the law.

A Pennsylvania millionaire left \$75,000 as a token of friendship to an early friend. Most men would have taken half of that.

If you wish to know how many friends you have, get into office; if you wish to know how many you haven't got, get into debt.

There are 125,000 females in New York earning their livelihood in other than domestic employments. Of these 180,000 are milliners, 12,000 artificial flower makers, 20,000 in hoop skirt manufacturers, 12,000 in the hating trade, 8,000 tailresses, while several thousand work in bookbinderies, making umbrellas and parasols, etc.

HOW TO CATCH A FLEA.—Don't be in a hurry and get frantic. Watch your chances. Take a two foot rule, and measure the distance from your hand to the flea. Take your pencil and calculate the time it would take to pass your hand over that distance, so you may be sure. Take a long breath. Aim to grab his hind leg. Nerve yourself. Make a ferocious grab, and if the flea strays off, continue chase around the room until you tumble over the baby; then flee yourself.

Atmospheric pressure has passed the Jordan of life, and beckons from the other side, as though she would point into our waiting ear the unfinished tale of years gone. The old chair will continue to sit in the room, but it will never grow old to those who have been taught to cherish it.

Affection clarifies the soul.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, Gentry of Cass.

In Proba. Court, v. J. J. BURTON, late of County deceased.

John Burton, representing among other things, that he is the Boston due to him on the 10th day of February, 1872, and that he is entitled to receive payment of the same.

It is ordered, that said Boston be sent to me in the city of Stillwater, in said county, on the 31st day of May, 1873.

And it further ordered, that the same be paid to him in full, or in full, or in part, as the case may be.

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The Messenger.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1873.

LOVE ON A LOG.

Miss Becky Newton.
Well sir!
Will you marry me?
No I won't.
Very well; then don't!

Mr. Fred Eckerson drew away his chair, and putting his feet upon the piano, unfolded a newspaper. Miss Becky Newton bit her lip and went on with her sewing. She wondered if that was going to be the list of it. She had etched this proposal coming in nearly a month but the scene she had anticipated was not at all like this. She had intended to release him, but it was to do grace fully. She was to remain firm, notwithstanding his most entreaties. She was to have told him that though respecting his many worth and upright character, she never could do to him more than an appreciative and earnest friend. She had intended to shed a few tears, perhaps, as he writhed in agony of supplication at her feet. But instead, he asked her the simple question, without any rhetorical embellishments, and on being answered, plunged at once into his newspaper, although he had merely inquired the time of day. She could have cried with vexation.

"You will never have a better chance," he continued, after a pause, as he deliberately turned over the sheet to find the latest graphic reports.

"A better chance for what?" She asked shortly.

"A better chance to marry a good looking young man, whose gallantry to the sex is only exceeded by his bravery in their defense."

Fred was quoting from his newspaper, but Miss Newton did not know it.

"And whose egotism is only exceeded by his impudence," retorted the lady sarcastically.

"But long," continued Fred, "you will be out of the market. Your chances, you know, are getting slimmer every day."

"Sir!"

"It won't be long before you are ineligible. You will grow old and wrinkled, and—"

"Such rudeness to a lady, sir, is monstrous," exclaimed Miss Newton, rising hastily, and flushing to her temples.

"I'll give you a final opportunity, Miss Becky. Will you marry me?"

"Not if you were King of England," interrupted Miss Newton, throwing down her work. "I am not accustomed to such insults, sir."

And so saying passed into the house and slammed the door behind her.

"She's never so handsome as when she is in a rage," thought Fred to himself, after she had gone, as he slowly folded up his paper and replaced it in his pocket. I was a fool to grieve her so; I shall never win her in that way. But I'll have her, he exhorted, aloud. By heaven, I'll have her, cost what it may!

Very different was Fred Eckerson of the present, pacing nervously up and down the piazza from the Fred Eckerson a few moments ago, receiving the dismissal from the woman he loved, with such calm and imperious exterior. For he loved Becky Newton with all his heart. The real difficulty in the way, as he more than half suspected, was not so much with himself as in his pocket. Becky Newton had an insuperable objection to an empty wallet. The daughter of a wealthy Louisiana planter, reared in luxury, and the recipient of a weekly allowance of money sufficient to pay Fred's whole bills for a month, she had no idea of changing her situation for one of lost comfort and independence. Besides, it had been intimated to her that a neighboring planter of unusually aristocratic lineage had looked upon her with covetous eyes. To be sure he was old and ugly, but he was rich, and in her present mercenary state of mind, Miss Becky Newton did not desire to allow such a chance of becoming a wealthy widow slip by unheeded.

But alas for human nature! If

Becky was really so indifferent to Fred Eckerson, why did she run upstairs after that interview, and take the starch all out of her nice clean pillow-shams by drying herself into hysterics on the bed? It was not all wrath, not all vexation, not all pride. There was somewhere, deep down in Becky Newton's heart, a feeling very much akin to remorse. She was not sure but that she would be sorry for what she had done. She had no doubt she could be very happy as Fred Eckerson's wife, after all.

"But then," she cried, drawing hot with recollection, "he was so rude and insolent! I never could live with such a man—never."

When Fred Eckerson had walked off some of his feeling on the piazza, he concluded to take a look at the river. The Mississippi which flowed within five hundred yards of the house, was at that time nearly at the height of its annual spring rise. Its turbid waters, rushing swiftly toward the sea, had nearly filled the banks and in many places had broken through

the levees and flooded the lowlands for many miles. A crevass of this description had been made in the further bank, nearly opposite the house, and the windows of the Newton mansion commanded a view of a vast glittering island sea, not laid down on the maps. The main current of the stream bore upon its coffee-colored bosom an enormous mass of floating timber, which was dashed along in the boiling flood, rendering navigation wholly impossible. The waters were still rising, and the frequent crashes far and near told of the undermining powers of the current, as sections of the sandy banks succumbed and disappeared, carrying with them the trees and overhanging the stream.

Now, it happened that by a curious coincidence, Miss Newton, also resolved to look at the river. She dried her tears, and putting on her hat, slipped out by the back door to avoid Fred, and soon found herself at the foot of a huge cottonwood tree on the bank below the house. Throwing herself upon the grass and lulled by the bubbling of the rapid flood beneath her head, she soon fell fast asleep. Her golden dreams, the dried her tears, and putting on her hat, slipped out by the back door to avoid Fred, and soon found herself at the foot of a huge cottonwood tree on the bank below the house. Throwing herself upon the grass and lulled by the bubbling of the rapid flood beneath her head, she soon fell fast asleep. Her golden dreams,

she was not yet quite prepared to give up her golden dreams. The dress was not yet quite washed out of her soul, and she did not yet know how she loved Fred Eckerson. Besides she did not half believe him.

The clumsy vessel floated on,

now root first, now sideways, now half submerged beneath the boiling current. Their precarious hold became more uncertain as their frame became chilled by the cold water, and every plunge of the log threatened to cast them once more into the river. In vain Fred endeavored to attract the attention of some one ashore. The cottonwood retained a course nearly in the middle of the stream, too far from either bank to render their outrages of much avail. As it grew dark, their situation seemed more and more hopeless, and to Becky there appeared to be no escape from certain death, either by drowning in the darkness, or by exhaustion before daybreak.

Yet to die in this man's arms seemed not wholly a terror. She could hardly think of death must come; the ground slipped from beneath her, the tall cottonwood toppled and fell, and Miss Becky Newton found herself suddenly immersed in the cold flood with her mouth full of muddy water. In a moment more, some weakly arm was around her and the awakening was not all to her mind. A terrible crash made a chain of her dreams; the ground slipped from beneath her, the tall cottonwood toppled and fell, and Miss Becky Newton found herself suddenly immersed in the cold flood with her mouth full of muddy water. In a moment more, some weakly arm was around her and the awakening was not all to her mind. A terrible crash made a chain of her dreams;

she was not yet quite prepared to give up her golden dreams.

"I thank you very much," she said. "Quite welcome, I'm sure."

There was another long silence, broken only by the horse's hoofs upon the road. Fred himself seemed to have lost some of his habitual ease for he kept his whip in constant motion, and held the reins nervously.

"Fred!"

"Yes?"

"Are you going to write to that young lady in New Orleans?"

"I expect to."

"Hadu's you—hester—try again before you—before you write?"

He turned his eyes full upon her, and opened them wide.

"Again try? what?"

"I've been thinking through the night," said Becky breathing low to him, her face, and ear fully separating the fringe of her mantilla, "that perhaps—if you ask me again the same question—that you did yesterday morning—I might answer a little different."

Becky's head went against Fred's shoulder, and her face was immediately lost to view.

"You darling!" he exclaimed, I never intended to do otherwise.

The young lady in New Orleans was wholly a myth. But when, may I ask, did you change your mind?"

"I have never changed it," she murmured. "I have loved you all the time, but I never knew it until last night."

And to this day, when Mrs. Becky Eckerson is asked where it was that she fell in love with her husband, she answers, "on a log."

SET OUT TREES.

Most people intend, some time in the misty and far-away future, to build a new house, lay out grounds about it, train vines up its sides, and make things very tasteful generally. Meantime they are living in some unsatisfactory, make-shift, temporary abode, which they do not care to take any pains to adorn. The result is, their sense of the beautiful is repressed, an important part of their nature lacks the satisfaction it craves, and the children, if there are any, there are very apt to be, are growing up amidst surroundings that are unfavorable to their best development.

It is much longer than we expected or intended before we can build the nice home we have planned by day and dreamed of by night. Alas! before the fond scheme is carried out, it is often destroyed, or rather, it is not destroyed, but is overtaken by some other scheme, which is more attractive, and which has a better chance of success.

"How long have I been asleep?"

"About three hours."

"Shall we be saved?"

"I don't know. Put your arms around my neck for I'm going to take mine away."

Becky did this time as she was bid. She not only threw her arms quickly around his neck, but she laid her head upon his breast, without the slightest hesitation. In the darkness, Fred did not know that she imprinted a kiss upon his shirt bosom.

"Hold fast now!" he cried.

"Hold on for your dear life!"

The log had been gradually nearing the shore for some time, and it now stood suddenly under a large sycamore which overhung the bank in the brown flood. Quick as thought Fred seized the limb above his head, and pulled with all his might. The headlong course of the cottonwood was checked, it plunged heavily and partly turned over, its top became entangled in the sycamore, and a terrific crash of limbs ensued. With a sudden spring Fred gained the projecting branch, dragging his clinging burden after him. In another instant the cottonwood had broken away and continued its voyage down the river, while the bent sycamore regained its shape with such a quick rebound that the two travelers were very nearly precipitated into the stream again. Fred, half supporting, half dragging Becky, worked his way to the track by a series of gymnastics that would have done no discredit to Blondin, and in a moment more had reached the ground in safety.

"Thank you for your services, I'm sure," she said, bridling.

"Mr. Eckerson remove your arm from my waist."

"Then put your arms around my neck."

"Indeed I shall do no such thing."

"You will fall into the river if you do not."

Becky was silent. She was thinking, not of the accident or her perils, but of her appearance when she was lying asleep in the grass.

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Becky was silent again. It is a

matter of some doubt whether, had Fred at that moment, sitting astride that cottonwood log, with his feet in the water and his arm around her waist, proposed to her a second time she would have accepted him or not. To be sure, a marvelous change had come over Becky's feelings since her tumble into the river. She felt just then that one strong girl like that whom he proposed her was worth a thousand old and decrepit planters and she recognized the fact that a man who could talk so coolly and unconsciously in a situation of such extreme peril, was one of unusual courage. But she was not yet quite prepared to give up her golden dreams. The dress was not yet quite washed out of her soul, and she did not yet know how she loved Fred Eckerson. Besides she did not half believe him.

"Happy to do it any day," he remarked, not knowing exactly what to say.

"I thank you very much."

"Quite welcome, I'm sure."

There was another long silence, broken only by the horse's hoofs upon the road. Fred himself seemed to have lost some of his habitual ease for he kept his whip in constant motion, and held the reins nervously.

The Messenger.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1873.

LOVE ON A LOG.

"Miss Becky Newton."
"Well sir."
"Will you marry me?"

"No I won't."

"Very well; then don't that's all."

Mr. Fred Eckerson drew away his chair, and putting his feet upon the piazza, unfolded a newspaper. Miss Becky Newton bit her lip and went on with her sewing. She wondered if that was going to be the list of it. She had off this proposal coming for nearly a month but the scene she had anticipated was not at all like this. She had intended to refuse him, but it was to be done gracefully. She was to remain firm, notwithstanding his most eager entreaties. She was to have told him that though respecting his many worth and upright character, she never could be to him more than an appreciative and earnest friend. She had intended to shew a few tears, perhaps, as she knelt writhing in agony of supplication at her feet. But, seal, he asked her the simple question, without any rhetorical embellishments, and on being answered, plunged at once into his newspaper, as though he had merely inquired the time of day. She could have cried with vexation.

"You will never have a better chance," he continued, after a pause, as he deliberately turned over the sheet to find the latest telegraph reports.

"A better chance for what?" She asked shortly.

"A better chance to marry a good looking young man, whose gallantry in the sex is only exceeded by his bravery in their defense."

Fred was quoting from his newspaper, but Miss Newton did not know it.

"And whose egotism is only exceeded by his impudence," retorted the lady sarcastically.

"Before long," continued Fred, "you will be out of the market. Your chances, you know, are getting thinner every day."

"Sir!"

"It won't be long before you are ineligible. You will grow old and wrinkled, and—

"Such rudeness to a lady is sin," exclaimed Miss Newton, rising hastily, and flushing to her temples.

"I'll give you a final opportunity, Miss Becky. Will you marry me?"

"Not if you were King of England," interrupted Miss Newton, throwing down her work. "I am not accustomed to such insults, sir."

And so saying passed into the house and slammed the door behind her.

"She's never so handsome as when she is in a rage," thought Fred to himself, after she had gone, as he slowly folded up his paper and replaced it in his pocket. "I was a fool to grieve her; I shall never win her in that way. But I'll have her, he exclaimed, aloud. By heaven, I've have her, eat what it may!"

Very different was Fred Eckerson of the present, pacing nervously up and down the piazza, from the Fred Eckerson a few moments ago, receiving the dismissal from the woman he loved, with such calm and imperious exterior. For he loved Becky Newton with all his heart. The real difficulty in the way, as he more than half suspected, was not so much with himself as in his pocket. Becky Newton had an insuperable objection to an empty wallet. The daughter of a wealthy Louisiana planter, reared in luxury, and the recipient of a weekly allowance of pin money sufficient to pay Fred's whole bills for a month, she had no idea of changing her situation for one of less comfort and independence. Besides, it had been intimated to her that a neighboring planter of unusually aristocratic lineage had looked upon her with covetous eyes. To be sure he was old and ugly, but he was rich, and in her present mercenary state of mind, Miss Becky Newton did not desire to allow such a chance of becoming a wealthy widow slip by unimpeded.

But alas for human nature! If Becky was really so indifferent to Fred Eckerson, why did she run up stairs after that interview, and take the starch out of her nice clean pillow-shams by rying her self into hysterics on the bed? It was not ill wrath, not all vexation, not all pain. There was something, deep down in Becky Newton's heart, a feeling very much akin to remorse. She was not sure but that she would be sorry for what she had done. She had no doubt she could be very happy as Fred Eckerson's wife, after all.

"But then," she cried, growing hot with recollection, "he was so rude and insolent! I never could live with such a man—never."

When Fred Eckerson had walked off some of his feeling on the piazza, he concluded to take a look at the river. The Mississippi which flowed within five hundred yards of the house, was at that time nearly at the height of its annual spring rise. Its turbid waters, rushing swiftly toward the sea, had nearly filled the banks and in many places had broken through

the levees and flooded the lowlands for many miles. A crevass of this description had been made in the further bank, nearly opposite the house, and the windows of the Newton mansion commanded a view of a vast glittering inland sea, not laid down on the maps. The main current of the stream bore upon its emerald-colored bosom an enormous mass of floating timber, which was dashed along in the boiling flood, rendering navigation wholly impossible. The waters were still rising, and the frequent crashes far and near told of the undeviating powers of the current, as sections of the sandy banks succumbed and disappeared, carrying with them the trees which overhung the stream.

"Now, it happens that by a curious coincidence, Miss Newton, she resolved to look at the river. She dried her tears and putting on her hat, stepped out by the backdoor to avoid Fred, and soon found herself at the foot of a huge cottonwood tree on the bank below the house. Throwing herself upon the grass and tilted by the bubbling of the rapid flood beneath her, she soon fell fast asleep. Had she possessed any power of foreseeing the future, it would have been the last thing she would have done, although it was very pleasant dropping asleep there in the shade, with the soft sunlight filtering through the bushes overhead, the awakening was not all to her taste. A terrible crash made a chaos of her dreams; the ground split under her feet, and Miss Becky Newton found herself suddenly immersed in the cold flood with her mouth full of muddy water. In a moment more, somebody's arm was around her and she felt herself lifted up and placed somewhere in the sunshiny though perhaps where, she was yet too bewildered to know. Getting her eyes open at last, she found her husband's whiskers nearly brushing her face.

"Well!"

"Where am I?" asked Becky, shivering and looking around her. "You are in the middle of the Mississippi," replied Fred; "and you are in the fork of a cottonwood tree, and you are going to drown to the Gulf of Mexico just as fast as this freshet can carry you."

"How come you here?"

"In the same conveyance with myself, Miss Becky. In fact you and I and the tree all came together, to say nothing of a portion of your father's plantation, which I fear, is lost to him forever."

Becky was silent. She was thinking of not the accident or her perilous situation, but of her appearance when she was lying asleep in the grass.

"About three hours," she said, "I had no right to be up, but to drift into shore now."

"Shall we save?"

"I don't know. Put your arms around my neck, for I'm going to take mine away."

Becky did this as she was bid. She not only threw her arms quickly around his neck, but laid her head upon his breast, without the slightest hesitation. In the darkness, Fred did not know that she imprinted a kiss upon his shirt bosom.

"Hold fast now!" he cried. "Hold on for your dear life!"

The log had been gradually nearing the shore for some time, and it now stood suddenly under a large sycamore which overhung the bank, tritely branched in the lawn flood. Quick as thought Fred seized the limb above his head, and pulled with all his might. The heading course of the cottonwood was checked, over its top became entangled in the sycamore, and a terrible crashing of limbs ensued.

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SCHEDULE TIME
OF
Arrival and Departure of Mails

At Stillwater, Minn.

St. Paul, Minneapolis and the East.
Arrive at 9 A.M. Close at 4 P.M.

Marine Mills.
Arrive at 11 A.M. Close at 1 P.M.

Hudson, Wis.
Arrive at 9 A.M. Close at 9:30 A.M.

Lake Superior & Mississippi Division,
Northern Pacific Railroad.

Direct Route to St. Paul, St.

Anthony, Minneapolis,
Chaska and Carver.

Brainerd, Moorhead and all points on

Northern Pacific R.R. and Red River, Duluth, Lake

Superior and lower

Lake Superior.

Spring Arrangement—1873.

St. Paul, Gen. Ticket Agent,
R. W. Clegg, Gen. Freight Agent.

St. Paul, Stillwater & Tay-

lers Falls Railroad.

Passenger Office,
St. Paul, Nov. 25, 1872.

On and after May 25th, trains will run as follows:

ST. PAUL & WORCESTER TRAINS.

St. Paul, 7:30 a.m. Worcester, 8:30 a.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 10:30 a.m. 5:30 p.m.

Leave Worcester, 10:30 a.m. 5:30 p.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 12:30 p.m. 6:30 p.m.

Leave St. Paul, 12:30 p.m. 6:30 p.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 1:30 p.m. 7:30 p.m.

Leave Worcester, 1:30 p.m. 7:30 p.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 2:30 p.m. 8:30 p.m.

Leave St. Paul, 2:30 p.m. 8:30 p.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 3:30 p.m. 9:30 p.m.

Leave Worcester, 3:30 p.m. 9:30 p.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 4:30 p.m. 10:30 p.m.

Leave St. Paul, 4:30 p.m. 10:30 p.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 5:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.

Leave Worcester, 5:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 6:30 p.m. 12:30 a.m.

Leave St. Paul, 6:30 p.m. 12:30 a.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 7:30 p.m. 1:30 a.m.

Leave Worcester, 7:30 p.m. 1:30 a.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 8:30 p.m. 2:30 a.m.

Leave St. Paul, 8:30 p.m. 2:30 a.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 9:30 p.m. 3:30 a.m.

Leave Worcester, 9:30 p.m. 3:30 a.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 10:30 p.m. 4:30 a.m.

Leave St. Paul, 10:30 p.m. 4:30 a.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 11:30 p.m. 5:30 a.m.

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Arrive at Worcester, 3:30 a.m. 9:30 a.m.

Leave Worcester, 3:30 a.m. 9:30 a.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 4:30 a.m. 10:30 a.m.

Leave St. Paul, 4:30 a.m. 10:30 a.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 5:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.

Leave Worcester, 5:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 6:30 a.m. 12:30 p.m.

Leave St. Paul, 6:30 a.m. 12:30 p.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 7:30 a.m. 1:30 p.m.

Leave Worcester, 7:30 a.m. 1:30 p.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 8:30 a.m. 2:30 p.m.

Leave St. Paul, 8:30 a.m. 2:30 p.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 9:30 a.m. 3:30 p.m.

Leave Worcester, 9:30 a.m. 3:30 p.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 10:30 a.m. 4:30 p.m.

Leave St. Paul, 10:30 a.m. 4:30 p.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 11:30 a.m. 5:30 p.m.

Leave Worcester, 11:30 a.m. 5:30 p.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 12:30 p.m. 6:30 p.m.

Leave St. Paul, 12:30 p.m. 6:30 p.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 1:30 p.m. 7:30 p.m.

Leave Worcester, 1:30 p.m. 7:30 p.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 2:30 p.m. 8:30 p.m.

Leave St. Paul, 2:30 p.m. 8:30 p.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 3:30 p.m. 9:30 p.m.

Leave Worcester, 3:30 p.m. 9:30 p.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 4:30 p.m. 10:30 p.m.

Leave St. Paul, 4:30 p.m. 10:30 p.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 5:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.

Leave Worcester, 5:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 6:30 p.m. 12:30 a.m.

Leave St. Paul, 6:30 p.m. 12:30 a.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 7:30 p.m. 1:30 a.m.

Leave Worcester, 7:30 p.m. 1:30 a.m.

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Leave Worcester, 1:30 a.m. 7:30 a.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 2:30 a.m. 8:30 a.m.

Leave St. Paul, 2:30 a.m. 8:30 a.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 3:30 a.m. 9:30 a.m.

Leave Worcester, 3:30 a.m. 9:30 a.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 4:30 a.m. 10:30 a.m.

Leave St. Paul, 4:30 a.m. 10:30 a.m.

Arrive at Worcester, 5:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.

Leave Worcester, 5:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m.

Arrive at St. Paul, 6:30 a.m. 12:30 p.m.

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Arrive at Worcester, 7:30 a.m. 1:30 p.m.

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Arrive at St. Paul, 2:30 a.m. 8:30 a.m.

Leave St. Paul, 2:30 a.m. 8:30 a.m.

SCHEDULE TIME
Arrival and Departure of Mails

At Stillwater, Minn.

St. Paul, Minneapolis and the East.

Arrived at 9 A.M. Closed at 4 P.M.

Marine Mills. Closed at 1:30 P.M.

Arrived at 11 A.M. Closed at 5 P.M.

Hudson, Wis.

Arrived at 9 A.M. Closed at 9:30 A.M.

Lake Superior & Mississippi Division,

Northern Pacific Railroad.

Direct Route to St. Paul, St.

Anthony, Minneapolis, Chaska and Carver.

Braided, Moonbeam and all points

on Northern Pacific and Red River Lake.

Superior and lower

Lake ports.

Spring Arrangement—1873.

St. Paul Train.

Leave Stillwater, 7:30 A.M. Sunday, 8:30 A.M.

Arrive at 10:30 A.M. Closed at 12:30 P.M.

Arrive at 12:30 P.M. Closed at 2 P.M.

Arrive at 2 P.M. Closed at 4 P.M.

Arrive at 4 P.M. Closed at 6 P.M.

Arrive at 6 P.M. Closed at 8 P.M.

Arrive at 8 P.M. Closed at 10 P.M.

C. W. HUNTERSON,
Superintendent.

O. S. SANDERS, Gen. Ticket Agent.

R. W. CRAVEN, Gen. Freight Agent.

St. Paul & Taylors Falls Railroad.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Leave Stillwater, 9:30 A.M. Closed at 12:30 P.M.

Arrive at 10:30 A.M. Closed at 12:30 P.M.

Arrive at 12:30 P.M. Closed at 2 P.M.

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The Messenger.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1873.

LOCAL NEWS.

Sixty musicians abound at present.

The street sprinkler has commenced its work of charity.

The railroad on the South Stillwater road has all been laid and the road is running orders.

It is safe to say that it is expressed with hundreds of persons that we need a little rain.

How S. E. Hinney is one of the newly elected directors of the St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad.

No trace of the body of Hon. Jonas Hinckel has been found. Capt. Knapp has offered \$100 for its recovery.

In the last 48 hours there have been 18 car loads of merchandise received at the depot of the St. P. S. and T. F. R. R.

Our merchants will do well to be on the alert for counterfeit money as there is some in circulation at present in this vicinity.

Two new inmates to the Penitentiary arrived on Friday from Crow Wing County, one for two and the other for three years.

Swiss & Givay are erecting a blacksmith shop in connection with their foundry which shows that their enterprise was not a venture.

Ma. C. J. Berney has removed his still-well, which was in the street according to the last survey, and is replacing the old one back on the street line. He will sideways fit a gutter as soon as the wall is finished.

The Lumbermen's National Bank and Stillwater Savings Bank have placed a very handsome sign on the Myrtle street wall of their banking rooms. It was executed by Koefo and is probably the handsomest in town.

There this year seem to be taking a more than usual amount of pride in the appearance of their doorways. Trees are being planted, shrubbery set out, and good taste displayed in a score of ways that go to make up the beauty of the whole.

Prison Inspectors.—The regular meeting of the Prison Inspectors was held on Monday, and among other business, appointed Dr. Day of St. Paul Superintendent of the building operations which are on hand this season.

Unusually.—The hand have received their uniforms which have been manufactured for them by Mr. J. E. Schmid, of this city. It consists of a double breasted blue coat, blue vest, and gray pants with belt and a cap, which together makes one of the handsomest suits we have ever seen. There are fourteen in all and the cost was \$500.

A narrow escape from a serious conflagration occurred on Tuesday night about 10 o'clock. A bell in the McNick boarding house in Nelson's Alley took fire, and but for the timely application of a few buckets of water would have spread to the wooden buildings adjoining and have swept the whole row to ashes. The firemen were promptly on hand but fortunately their services were not needed.

On Tuesday afternoon just after the alarm of fire was sounded, a man, evidently considerably excited, rushed into the ticket office of the Northern Pacific Railroad Co., and inquired in great alarm, "What does the train leave for Minneapolis?" "At a quarter to five," replied the gentlemanly agent. "Oh, well," observed the man, "I've got plenty of time. I thought it would be about four-fifteen."

Pans Benson.—The barn of Mrs. Berger of Oak Park was burned last Saturday together with several tons of hay, agricultural implements, etc. A neighbor had set fire to some refuse near by, and it is supposed that that was communicated from that. The loss was several hundred dollars with a small insurance. The neighbors gave substantial evidence of their sympathy by immediately erecting another barn for the unfortunate woman.

Mr. P. S. and T. F. R. R.—On and after Monday, May 12, until further notice, the evening train for St. Paul will leave at 6:00 p.m. instead of at 5:10. L. L. MORRIS, Agent.

The above arrangement is made so as to allow the Nellie Kent from Taylors Falls to make connections with the train for St. Paul, and will remain in force until change of time, which will probably be a week from Monday.

CONTRACTORS.—Last week we stated that probably there would be a line of steam boats between Duluth and Superior, but we are informed from neighbors that the usual line of St. Peters Ward's Central and Pacific Line will run in connection with the Northern Pacific, as soon as navigation opens, which is expected to be in about ten days or two weeks. This line will make tri-weekly departures from either end of the route, making connections at Buffalo with the New York Central and Hudson River Railroads, and giving through bills of lading East and West.

A BRUTE.—On Monday evening last we saw one of our citizens administering chastisement to his five-year-old son in a manner which suggested the advisability of the formation of a society for the prevention of cruelty to the genus homo. He spared the rod, and was spoiling the child by substituting a board about 15 inches long, 6 inches wide, and an inch thick. Now this is the sort of a punishment which would have been considered extremely cruel if administered to a dumb animal. As the conversation was carried on in Deutsch-sprachen we were unable to know what unpardonable offense had been committed.

We hope to witness no more scenes of this nature, as we shall be tempted to publish the name of this inhuman father if it is repeated.

A VARIETY of shades and styles of Parasols.—In CASTLE, In AFTON, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Alva D. Lee, David C. Gaslin and Phoebe M. Castle.

NEW BRICK BLOCK.

Mr. W. W. Holcombe broke ground on Tuesday morning for a building on Main Street just below the Messenger office, to be 25 feet front by 75 feet back and three stories in height. It is to be built of red brick and will be finished on or about the 1st of September. The first floor will be used for a store, the second story for offices and the third for a hall. The interior is the same as the exterior and it is certain that a large amount will be erected that will be a ornament to the city as well as a useful business building. There is room on that hill district for several nice blocks, and we trust the day is not far distant when it will be occupied. There is a constant demand for good store rooms.

Mrs. Curtis has on hand a full line of Ladies' Furnishing Goods. Call and examine in Mower's Block, Chestnut street.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Last Saturday, just before the Misses Mowry, Mrs. Hinney and Mrs. Hinckel were engaged in health-sports and various exercises, the animal on which the former was seated was frightened by some birds in front of Mrs. Mowry's store, where he reared and unsaddled his fair rider, throwing her upon the ground, when he started off at a rapid rate. Fortunately the saddle girl broke as Miss Mowry was thrown off, thus preventing a serious accident. As it was the equine friend sustained no injuries, though her riding habit was somewhat soiled by the dust.

READY made suits for Ladies and Children at Mrs. Curtis', Chestnut street.

A TRIPLE RUNAWAY.

Monday forenoon there occurred a right lively runaway on Main street. Mr. Arthur Steven's horse started the tilt by coming down Chestnut to Main and turning down Main street, a team belonging to Mr. Julius Brumwick, standing in front of Linden street from Second to Third, granted and ordered completed in such a manner as to turn him round and went careering down Main street to near the stable of Chris. Breschel where they struck a horse belonging to Mr. Underwood which started up street at a lively pace. The distance which each team ran before being stopped was short, but the collision made a dent in the wagons. The horses escaped with slight injuries.

A great variety of New Fattener Goods, at Mrs. Curtis', Chestnut street.

THE TIME IS AT HAND.

When the Green Soda Water, Fruits, Medicines, etc., can be appreciated and imagined in and there is no place where they may be obtained with a greater degree of satisfaction to the purchaser than at Francis', opposite Stigle, Dog & Hensley's. His rooms are fitted up expressly for the purpose, and he keeps a nice fresh stock always on hand. His parlors are convenient of access and provided with all that comfort and taste could wish. His syrups are pure, and neatly he draws out a glass of the best syrup ever drunk, will keep all varieties of fruit in their season. His rooms are open and capable prescriptive clerk will see prescriptions carefully, and stays there at all hours of the night as well as day.

For medicines of all kinds, as well as toilet and fancy articles, go to Weaver's New Drug Store.

POWERS BROS.

Petition of B. J. Wheeler and others for opening and grading of Linden street from Second to Third, granted and ordered completed in such a manner as to turn him round and went careering down Main street to near the stable of Chris. Breschel where they struck a horse belonging to Mr. Underwood which started up street at a lively pace. The distance which each team ran before being stopped was short, but the collision made a dent in the wagons. The horses escaped with slight injuries.

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The Messenger.
SEWARD & TAYLOR,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

THE IMPEACHMENT.

The State Senate re-convened in St. Paul neck Tuesday, to try Mr. Seeger on the charge brought against him. There will probably be no defense.

THE LOUISIANA MURDERS.

Since the rebellion closed, the nation by amendments to the Constitution, has provided the colored people of the Southern States, equal rights, privileges and general tranquility. To preserve peace, and give freedom to the colored race, it was necessary that the leaders of both parties should pledge their honor and promise obedience to the laws. It was hoped that the Democratic leaders who had thus pledged themselves would keep their promise, as it was felt that if peace and prosperity reigned, there must be a general acquiescence in the laws of the State and nation. Many have kept their word—others have violated it. Continued outrages have been committed in nearly all parts of the South for years. Law and order have been trampled under foot by a secret association of the lawless portion of the population, who make a mock of pledges, however solemn, who scoff at the Constitution, and defy the laws.

Life and freedom have not been secured. These Democratic leaders believed the only way to keep up the party organization was to incite insurrection and disturbances, and then charge the Administration with these difficulties. And a large share of the Democratic and Liberal press of the North have echoed this charge, and have done their best to create a sentiment against the Administration on account of these outrages. These disturbances and outrages have reached their climax in the horrible butchery of the colored men at Colfax, Louisiana. The scenes of Fort Pillow have been re-enacted. Men were shot down like dogs after they had surrendered. It seems quite probable that this act may force civil war upon the people of the State. The warring factions of the State are producing terrible harvests. The question of permitting dredging and violence at the South must now be taken from the control of cruel and selfish politicians, and be committed to the decision of the whole people. It is a question that belongs to the whole community. The nation is bound by the Constitution to secure equal rights to all citizens, whether white or black, and to suppress every lawless association. The Executive is bound by his position to enforce the Constitution to its utmost limit. The people demand the punishment of these outlaws, however neutral they may be, or under what party name they may take refuge.

We have no doubt but that it is the desire of the Administration to make the Southern States the home of a free and prosperous population, and this should be the desire of every citizen. But that it is not we are made aware by the braves which are uttered by Northern papers and Northern states, every time a negro cabin is burned, or a destitute family murdered, or driven from their home by these marauders and outlaws, the experiments of the Democratic party at the South.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.

Death has been busy in high places of late. It has taken another of our Chiefs to his long home. After a full rewarded life, in which activity and energy have been crowned with success, Chief Justice Chase has departed to his rest.

Mr. Chase was born in Corsica, N. H., Jan. 13, 1808. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1820; studied law in Washington city with Wm. Wirt, and practiced his profession for many years in Cincinnati, filling various positions of trust in that city. He was elected U. S. Senator from Ohio in 1850, which office he held till 1855, when he was elected Governor of that State, and was re-elected in 1856. In 1860, he was again elected to the Senate, but after serving one day, he resigned to accept the position of Secretary of the Treasury in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, which post he resigned in 1864.

On the 6th of December, 1864, he was appointed by President Lincoln, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to succeed Roger B. Taney, which high office he worthily filled up to the day of his death.

Mr. Chase began his political life as a Free Soiler. He early identified himself with the Republican party and continued his fellowship with it down to the Johnson administration, when desirous of reaching the goal of his ambition, the Presidency, through that organization, he sought honors among its opponents, but without avail. He was a great and good man, honored and respected, and his loss is a national calamity.

A New York female seminary is going to Europe to spend the summer.

STILLWATER MESSENGER.

VOL. XVIII—NO. 37.

STILLWATER, MINN., FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 921

THE "ATLANTIC" DISASTER.

It is rather doubtful whether public opinion will be quite satisfied with the result of the investigation at Halifax into the loss of the steamship *Atlantic*. It was proved before the commission that the Atlantic went to sea with too little coal, and that even of an inferior quality.

It was proved that the management of the ship along the coast of Nova Scotia was grossly negligent; that Captain Williams blundered in his calculations on the night of the disaster and left his post at a critical time, when his presence on deck was essential to the safety of the ship.

There was a considerable absence of watchfulness, which should have been exercised to the highest degree, when approaching so near a coast so well known to be very dangerous, and with which neither the captain nor his officers were familiar. Yet with all these facts most clearly proved, the commissioners sentenced Capt. Williams merely to a suspension of his certificate for two years, while the wife of Mr. Halland, one of the colonists, gave birth to a child. The Northern Pacific officer who superintended the party, did everything in his power for the comfort of the lady and though she came right along we are informed that she is doing remarkably well. The child did not live.

In addition to the above, there was another English party of five, who intended to settle in the vicinity of Detroit City, who made the remarkable good time from Liverpool to Duluth in 14 1/2 days travel.

Every one praised very highly the reception house here, and expressed much satisfaction at the manner in which they had been treated by the Northern Pacific Company.

TO PENSIONERS.

U. S. PENSION AGENCY, J. ST. PAUL, May 14, 1873.

The following circular letter has been received from Hon.

J. H. Baker, Commissioner of Pensions:

DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR,
PENSION OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 8, 1873.

RULING 62.—No attorney will be recognized in a claim for increase of pension provided for by Sec. 9, Act of March 3, 1863, to a single minor already receiving original pensions, nor in a claim for increase of pensions also provided by aforesaid section to minor children of officers. The return of the Certificate of Pensions to the Pension Office is the only requisite to the adjudication of the claims, unless the guardian has been changed, in which case evidence of guardianship must be furnished.

J. H. BAKER,
Commissioner.

Section 9 of said law of March 3, 1863, reads as follows:

"Sec. 9. That the pensions of widows shall be increased from and after the twenty-fifth day of July, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, at the rate of two dollars per month for each child under the age of sixteen years, of the husband on account of whose death the claim has been, or shall be granted, and in every case in which the deceased husband has left, or where his widow has died or married again, or where she has been deprived of her pension under the provision of the pension law, the pension granted to such child or children shall be increased to the same amount over month that would be allowed under the foregoing provisions to the widow, if living and entitled to a pension; Provided, That the additional pension herein granted to the widow on account of the child or children of the husband by a former wife shall be paid to her only for each child of her widowhood as she has been, or shall be charged with the maintenance of such child or children; for any period during which she has not been, or she shall not be charged, it shall be granted and paid to the guardian of such child or children; Provided further, That a widow or guardian to whom increase of pension has been, or shall hereafter be granted, on account of minor children, shall not be deprived thereof by reason of their being maintained in whole or in part at the expense of a State or the public in any educational institution, or in any institution organized for the benefit of soldiers' orphans."

It will be seen that this law differs from that of July 1, 1866, in that it gives the increase of two dollars per month to an only child of a deceased soldier who left no widow, or where the widow has died or married again and the pension has been paid to a guardian; and also in that it gives the increase to the widow or guardian of the child or children of officers who have not by any previous law been entitled thereto. As the quarterly payment of pensions will be due on the 4th of June next, it will be well for those who desire to draw the payment due to them forwarding their certificates to the Commissioner of Pensions for increase until they have executed

THE YEOVIL COLONISTS.

The Duluth Tribune, of Monday, has the following in reference to the second party of Yeovil colonists which arrived here Saturday.

The colonists are quite an intelligent looking set, and are of that class which we like to see going out to take up their homes in our State.

The party left Old England on the 23rd of April, and have been now some eighteen days on the road. They were very well pleased with their trip to this place, and had no doubt but that they should be well pleased with their new homes.

With the exception of sea sickness, the health of the party has been remarkably good, although they were somewhat tired of the continuous travel, and hoped soon to be at their journey's end. After leaving Chicago, and while the train was moving at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, the wife of Mr. Halland, one of the colonists, gave birth to a child. The Northern Pacific officer who superintended the party, did everything in his power for the comfort of the lady and though she came right along we are informed that she is doing remarkably well. The child did not live.

In addition to the above, there was another English party of five, who intended to settle in the vicinity of Detroit City, who made the remarkable good time from Liverpool to Duluth in 14 1/2 days travel.

Every one praised very highly the reception house here, and expressed much satisfaction at the manner in which they had been treated by the Northern Pacific Company.

2000 MILES IN 48 HOURS.

We have before referred to a wager made by Mr. Martin Delaney, of this city, that his sordid could travel 200 miles in forty-eight consecutive hours.

The stakes is \$200 a side, and Mr. L. W. Welsh is the taker.

Yesterday was the first day of the race, and from present prospects, Mr. Delaney will win his bet.

Should it be the case, it marks an almost unprecedented case of endurance of horse flesh on the part of the mare, and will dispel the strong belief of many in the impossibility of the performance of the foal. At all events the wager is a rather remarkable one, and those who are interested in horse flesh await its results with some interest.

The race was commenced yesterday at 4:20 A. M., Mr. J. Cummings holding the ribbons. The mare started out at a rate of more than ten miles an hour, for the first two hours, and was gradually slowed to about an average of ten miles an hour. At 10:30 she had completed the first fifty miles, making it in some five hours and forty-five minutes. She was then given a rest of three hours and a half, and was started at a little past half past one on the second fifty miles.

At half past seven she had completed it, having made the first hundred miles in fifteen hours, which leaves thirty-three hours for the completion of the other hundred.

She made the last mile of her first hundred, yesterday, the fastest of any—five and one-half miles.

Those who witnessed thefeat say that the mare showed no sign of fatigue, never sweat a hair, nor trembled off to the stable, to feed, at the end of her day's toil, as briskly as though she had just come from the barn.

But few were in attendance yesterday, and it is not desired that a crowd assemble to-day. As a result it is not a success—simply a horse trotting around the track at a fair gait. This evening the issue of the wager will probably be known, but Mr. Delaney and his friends are confident of success. The issue will be anxiously awaited at the St. Paul Pioneer, 15th.

LATER.—THE WAGER WON IN 45 HOURS.

A conductor on a Pennsylvania railroad telegraphed from Derry station recently: "Train delayed 15 minutes on account of a dog."

Mr. Martin Dolaney had wagered \$200 that his sordid mare would make the distance inside of forty-eight hours.

Wellnay the first day of the race, and from present prospects, Mr. Delaney will win his bet.

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The Messenger.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1873.

A HOUSEKEEPER'S TRAGEDY.

(From Mrs. Spock's "Terror's Out-of-Door."

One day, as I wandered, I heard a com-

piling,

And saw a poor woman the picture

of gloom;

She glared at the mud on her door-

step, ('twas raining.)

And this was her wail as she wild-

ed her broom :

"Oh! life is a toil, and love is a trou-
ble.

And beauty will fade, and riches will
flee,

And pleasures they dwindle, and pri-
ces

they double,

And nothing is what I could wish it
to be.

There's too much of weariness goes
to life;

There's too much of ironing goes to
a shirt;

There's nothing that pays for the time
you waste on it;

There's nothing that lasts but trou-
ble and dirt.

In March its mud; its slush in De-
cember;

The midsummer breezes are loaded
with dust;

In fall the leaves litter; in muggy
September

The wall paper rots and the candle-
sticks rust.

There are worms in the cherries, and
slugs in the roses,

And ants in the sugar, and mice in
the pies;

The rubbish of spiders no mortal sup-
poses,

Poses,

And ravaging roaches and damaging
flies.

With grease and with grime from cor-
ner to corner;

Forever and forever,

On a little aisle-side in the midst of
the sea;

My one chance of life, with a ceaseless
endeavor,

To sweep off the waves, ergo they
sweep over me.

Alas! 'twas no dream—again I behold
it;

Fyeh! I am helpless my fate to
avert!"

She rolled up her sleeves, her apron
she folded;

Then lay down and died, and was
buried in dirt.

KILL OR CURE.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL
WAR.

The Major is a capital fellow,

doctor, I said, as we sauntered off

to smoke our cigars in the garden,

after an early dinner; 'but he

ought to be more merciful to us

wretched bachelors. What with

his charming wife and exemplary

baby, it makes it difficult to re-

spect the tenth commandment.'

'You admire Mrs. Lytton?'

'Admire her! She was very good,

Charlie's wife I should call her;

over cars in love with her. I have

seen fairer faces, but for dear,

pretty, delicate, womanly ways, I

never met her equal.'

You couldn't understand a man's thirsting for her blood?'

'Good gracious! A wretch who

could touch one of her golden

hairstroughly deserves to be cruci-
fied!'

'And yet for many days she was

in deadly peril of her life?

'For her fortune?'

'She had none.'

'Don't tell me, doctor, that an

innocent creature like that could

give any one cause for revenge.'

'No; I won't tell you any thing

of the sort.'

'I think I see. Some one madly

in love with her?'

If you were to guess, till this

day out you would not find the

cause,' said my friend. 'Let us sit

down here and I will explain. It's

no secret; I wonder the Major has

not told you.'

Down there was a rustic seat

the Major's pretty wife had

made at the end of his garden,

close to where a blue ribbon soon

to be lost in the blue Hudson, tinkled

its way through his grounds.

'During the war began the doc-
tor; I served in the army, in the

same regiment with an old school-
mate. He was as fine a soldier as

ever drew a sword. He's hearty,

and sound in mind and body, eager

to see service—and he's got

plenty. I thought that he bore a

charmed life, till one day he was

carried into a hospital tent in a bad

way. A ball had entered his

shoulder, glanced on the scabbard

(what you call the solar bone),

and laid some—some where. That

was all we could tell; for there was

no other orifice; but whether it

had passed up or down, or taken

some erratic course round about

such as will take, we know not,

and no probing could find out.

Well, he recovered and went north

to regain his strength, and for

nearly three years I lost sight of him.

When the war was over and I

had begun to practice as a civi-

lian in New York, I met him again.

But how changed! He was a liv-

ing skeleton, and I saw in a mo-

ment that he had become habituated

to opium. Do you know what

that means? Well, throw a buck-

et of water into a pina, and then

light a fire under it, and its strings

will not be more out of tune than

an opium-smoker's nerves are out

of order. He asked me if he

might call on me at my office, and

of course I assented; but it was

days before he came, and when he

'I will trust you; but I'll do

more. You are not armed, I sup-
pose?'

'No,' he replied with a shudder,

'not now.'

'I'll take care that you shall

not be, and I'll carry my Derrin-
ger in my pocket. On the first in-

stantiation of the homicidal mania

I give you my word I'll shoot—and

I shot straight.' I said to satisfy

the poor friend frightened me. There

was an expression in his eye that I

had never seen in any sane being,

and what made this worse was the

calm, business-like manner in which

he spoke. He told me that soon after he had (apparently) re-

covered from his head, he began to

suffer from pains in his head which increased in severity till they

became so agonizing that he had

recourse to opium to alleviate them.

'But I have not come to con-

sult you about this,' he said,

'that I can bear—must bear.'

Would to God that they were al-

ways bearing dangerous, and the

different medical advisers had said

I happened to have a strong pre-

disposition of madness in me.

'I did not dare, and riches will

become so dwindle, and prices

they double,

And nothing is what I could wish it

to be.'

There's too much of weariness goes

to life;

There's too much of ironing goes to

a shirt;

There's nothing that pays for the time

you waste on it;

There's nothing that lasts but trou-
ble and dirt.

In March its mud; its slush in De-
cember;

The midsummer breezes are loaded
with dust;

In fall the leaves litter; in muggy
September

The wall paper rots and the candle-
sticks rust.

There are worms in the cherries, and
slugs in the roses,

And ants in the sugar, and mice in
the pies;

The rubbish of spiders no mortal sup-
poses,

Poses,

And ravaging roaches and damaging
flies.

With grease and with grime from cor-
ner to corner;

Forever and forever,

On a little aisle-side in the midst of
the sea;

My one chance of life, with a ceaseless
endeavor,

To sweep off the waves, ergo they
sweep over me.

Alas! 'twas no dream—again I behold
it;

Fyeh! I am helpless my fate to
avert!"

She rolled up her sleeves, her apron
she folded;

Then lay down and died, and was
buried in dirt.

KILL OR CURE.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL
WAR.

The Major is a capital fellow,

doctor, I said, as we sauntered off

to smoke our cigars in the garden,

The Messenger.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1873.

A HOUSEKEEPERS' TRAGEDY.

(From the Special Train's Once-Daily Register.)

One day, as I wandered, I heard a com-

piling,

And saw a poor woman the picture

of gloom;

She glared at the mud on her door-

step, ('twas raining.)

And this was her as she wild-

ed her broom :

"Oh! life is a toil, and love is a troub-

le,

And beauty will fade, and riches will

die,

And pleasures they dwindle, and prices

they double,

And nothing is what I could wish it

to be.

There's much of torment goes

to a bosom;

There's much of ironing goes to

a shirt;

There's nothing that pays for the time

you waste on it;

There's nothing that lasts but trou-

ble and dirt.

In March its mud; its slush in De-

cember;

Midsummer breezes are loaded

with dust;

In fall the leaves litter; in muggy

September

The wall paper rots and the candle-

sticks rust.

There are worms in the cherries, and

slugs in the roses,

And ants in the sugar and mice in

the pies;

The rubbish of spiders no mortal sup-

poses,

And ravaging roaches and damaging

flies.

With green and with grime from cor-

ner to corner;

Forever at war and forever alert,

No rest for a day, last the enemy en-

ter.

I spent my whole life in a struggle

with dirt.

Last night, in my dream, I was at-

tomed forever.

On a little bare island in the midst of

the sea;

My one chance of life, with a caskets

endeavor,

To sweep off the waves ere they

sweep over me.

Alas! 'twas no dream—again I behold

it;

I yield; I am helpless, my fate to avert."

She rolled up her sleeves, her apron

she folded;

Then lay down and died, and was

buried in dirt.

KILL OR CURE.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL

WAR.

The Major is a capital fellow, doctor! I said, as we sauntered off to smoke our cigars in the garden, after an early dinner; 'but he ought to be more merciful to us wretched butchers. What with his charming wife and exemplary baby, he makes it difficult to respect the truth commandment.'

'You admire Mrs. Lytton?'

'Admire her! It's she who—not Charlie's wife I should tell her—over cars in love, but her face, her hair, her pretty, delicate, womanly ways, I never met her equal.'

'You couldn't understand a man's thirsting for her blood?'

'Good gracious! A wretch who could touch one of her golden hairs roughly deserves to be crucified.'

'And yet for many days he was

in deadly peril of her life.'

'For her fortune?'

'She had none.'

'Don't tell me, doctor, that an innocent creature like that could give any one cause for revenge?'

'No; I won't tell you any thing of the sort.'

'I think I see. Some one madly

in love with her.'

'If you were to guess till this day out you would not find the cause,' said my friend. 'Let us sit down here and I will explain. It's no secret; I wonder the Major has not told you?'

'Down here' was on a rustic seat that the Major's pretty wife had made at the end of his garden, close to where a little rill, now to be lost in the blue Hudson, tinkled its way through his grounds.

'During the war,' began the doctor, 'I served in the army, in the same regiment with an old schoolmate. He was as fine a soldier as ever drew a sword. Hale, hearty, and sound in mind and body, eager to see service—and he saw plenty. I thought that he bore a charmed life, till one day he was carried into a hospital tent in a bad way. A ball had entered his shoulder, glanced on the clavicle (what you call the collar bone), and had gone—some where. That was all we could tell, for there was no other witness; but whether it had passed up or down, or taken some erratic course round about such as balls will take, we knew not, and no probing could find out. Well, he recovered and went north to regain his strength, and for nearly three years I lost sight of him. When the war was over again I had begun to practice as a civilian in New York, I met him again. But how changed! He was a living skeleton, and I saw in a moment that he had become habituated to opium. Do you know what that means? Well, throw a bucket of water into a pinafore, and then light a fire under it, and its strings will not be more out of true than an opium smoker's nerves are out of order. He asked me if he might call on me at my office, and of course I assented; but it was days before he came, and when he

did arrive I knew that he had been preparing for a fight with himself. Some foolish patients come prepared to hide the truth, some to magnify their ills. I

It is part of our business, in serious cases, to examine a man's mind before we ask about his body, and hardened as a savage must be, I confess that the condition of pain gave you my ward I'll shoot—and I shot straight! I said this to satisfy the poor fellow. In his weak state I could have laid him out like a child. It did satisfy him, and we went home together.

I led him to talk of our soldiering days, and gradually got him back to his first wound. I made him describe the first sensation of pain in his head, and repeat all that his different medical advisers had said.

I happened to have a strong preparation of hashish by me. I gave him a dose, and whilst under its influence I carefully examined his head. Now, the head, you know, does not fatten nor waste away in proportion to other parts of the body. Still his head had become mere skin and bone, and this state, perhaps, gave me an advantage over others who had made the same examination. At last I felt, or thought I felt, a faint twinge—a *seizure* of abnormal punishment—about two inches above the left ear. It might be merely nervous, but it might be caused by the ball.

I then set my mind to work, and thought the whole case over steadily. In the first place, was that impulse to take human life, of which my poor friend had spoken really uncontrollable? For example, suppose that one day he did take a pistol *on purpose*, and go to that lady's garden—would he shoot her? To suppose that the insane mind never changes its purpose, or turns from the fell completion of its purpose, is to say that I was right.

'They leave me,' he replied, quite calmly, 'with a burning, all but unconquerable, desire to take human life.'

'I am not generally a nervous man, but I started and looked around me for some weapon of defense. 'Don't be afraid,' he continued with a smile, 'the fit is not on me now. I should not have come if it had been. I have been nearly starved once or twice, but I have not been so long without food as to make me a scrawny, weakling. I have a strong power of resistance becoming weaker—the craving for blood getting stronger and stronger. I am like a man who has slipped over a precipice, and feels the earth and shrubs to which he clings, slowly, surely, giving way with him. I have brought wretchedness out of the street, and killed them in my frenzies, of exhausting it on them. It is no use. I must have human life.'

'Any human life?' I inquired, 'or some one in particular? Why do you ask this, doctor?' he cried, getting suddenly excited.

'No matter, go on!'

'Sometimes,' he resumed, 'it seems that my life would do, and sometimes—doctor, four days ago I saw you met, upon a New Jersey ferry-boat, a young girl. So pretty, so refined and nice! I followed her to her home—the devil that takes her possession of me led me. She went in and soon came out again into her little garden, and tended her flowers, poor child! Doctor, if I had had a pistol with me I should have shot her. You may smile; but some people is to admit the facts and try to work round them.'

'Then I will not pass. If I were to go to a mad-house, I should share sane. Sooner or later their vigilance over me would be relaxed. Then I should murder my keeper, and go straight for that innocent girl.'

'It was the second place, did my poor friend, with his impaired means of judgment, believe that the impulse was uncontrollable? Because if he did the end would be the same, so far as he was concerned. I was going to run a fast race you would not believe him, because your common sense rebels against the idea of his running with a leg disabled. But if one with his brain did declare that he was going to do something dependent upon the action of his mind, common sense does not always argue so well.'

'In the third place, might not that impulse be a mere pretense to excuse the commission of suicide? Now there are no forms of madness more obscure in their origin, more difficult to detect, more persistent and more fatal than suicidal mania; and as there have been numerous cases in which persons who have destroyed themselves have scarcely prepared evidence tending to show that their death was accidental, it would seem that there not be one in which the fatal act was to be (so far as possible) justified.'

In the fourth place, granting that there was either real homicidal mania or fancied homicidal mania tending to suicidal, or simply the latter—was there a possibility of it?

'Then I leave the country.'

'Well, that would save her; but doctor, one life is as dear to his holder as another. If I don't kill her, I shall kill some one else.'

'My dear fellow,' I replied, in as light a tone as I could assume, 'these fancies are curable. Put yourself under skilled medical treatment. You are all to bits, physically. Get sound in body, and you'll get all right in your mind.'

'On the contrary, I am all to bits as you say, mentally, and my body suffers through my mind. Medical treatment! I have consulted every practitioner of note here and in Europe. Some think I'm fooling them, some look wise and talk as you do about "treatment." All have failed. Doctors are no good.'

'Then may I ask you why you have come here?'

'To ask your advice as a friend,' he answered, drawing his chair nearer to me, and lowering his voice, 'will it be deadly if I do for fault of their own, but they were doomed to death—if he lived. When on the other hand, he spoke of saving their lives at the sacrifice of his own manner changed. No one afflicted with suicidal mania ever treated self destruction with the horror, the consciousness of its wickedness, and the religious doubts as to its being punished under any circumstances, with which he considered it. He had never once spoken of murder as a crime.'

'Very neatly put,' said the doctor, 'but our friend does not think of committing suicide now.'

'Mercy, doctor!' I cried, 'I don't mean to say that the man who wanted to murder our Major's wife is—'

'The Major himself. Yes sir.'

He took his pipe and lit it, and at the same time with a tone of deep commiseration for the predestined victims. They were to be executed as traitors to their country.

A correspondent of the Freeport (Ill.) Bulletin pronounces what is known as the cerebro-spinal meningitis, now prevailing so extensively and fatally in many parts of the country, as the same epidemic which raged in Michigan about twenty years ago to such an extent that it actually broke up the Legislature, and carried to the grave every one whom it attacked, until the old-fashioned hemlock seats were adopted, after which every case was saved. He says:

'Our people sent about twenty-five fatal results.'

Confinement in an asylum would have no curative effect.

Then I took down my books bearing upon anatomy of the human head.

'I will try very hard not to do so, but I know myself. I cannot trust myself. Don't you trust me? I will trust you; but I'll do

more. You are not armed, I suppose?'

'No,' he replied with a shudder, 'not now.'

'I'll take care that you shall not be, and I'll carry my Derringer in my pocket. On the first indication of the homicidal mania give me your ward I'll shoot—and I shot straight! I said this to satisfy the poor fellow. In his weak state I could have laid him out like a child. It did satisfy him, and we went home together.'

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SCHEDULE TIME
—OR—
Arrival and Departure of Mails

At Stillwater, Minn.

St. Paul, Minneapolis and the East.
Arrives at 8 A.M. Closes at 4 P.M.

Marine Mills. Arrives at 11 A.M. Closes at 1:30 P.M.

Hudson, Wis. Arrives at 9 A.M. Closes at 9:30 A.M.

Lake Superior & Mississippi Division;

Northern Pacific Railroad.

Direct Route to St. Paul, St. Anthony, Minneapolis, Chanhassen and Cedar.

Braemar, Moosehead and all points on Northern Pacific R.R. and Red River. Duluth, Lake Superior and lower Lake ports.

Spring Arrangement—1873.

St. Paul Trainings. ARRIVE.

Stillwater, 12:30 A.M. Stillwater, 8:00 A.M.

Co. 10, 12:30 P.M. Stillwater, 12:00 M.

St. Paul, 1:30 P.M. St. Paul, 8:00 A.M.

Co. 12, 1:30 P.M. St. Paul, 8:00 A.M.

4:30 P.M. St. Paul, 8:00 A.M.

DULUTH, MINNEAPOLIS & CARRIER TRAINS.

St. Paul, 12:30 A.M. Stillwater, 8:00 A.M.

Co. 10, 12:30 P.M. Stillwater, 8:00 A.M.

St. Paul, 1:30 P.M. St. Paul, 8:00 A.M.

Co. 12, 1:30 P.M. St. Paul, 8:00 A.M.

C. W. HUNTER & CO., Superintendents.

G. O. SANDERS, Gen. Ticket Agent.

H. W. Chase, Gen. Freight Agent.

St. Paul, Stillwater & Taylors Falls Railroad.

Superintendent's Office.

Mr. PAUL, Nov. 30, 1872.

Arrive and depart from Stillwater and St. Paul, as follows:

Leave Stillwater, 9:30 A.M. 2:30 P.M.

Arrive St. Paul, 10:30 A.M. 4:00 P.M.

Leave St. Paul, 10:30 A.M. 4:00 P.M.

Arrive Stillwater, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.

Leave St. Paul, 12:30 P.M. 6:30 P.M.

Arrive Stillwater, 1:30 P.M. 7:30 P.M.

Leave St. Paul, 2:30 P.M. 8:30 P.M.

C. W. HUNTER & CO., Superintendents.

J. C. ROYDEN, Gen. Ticket Agent.

The Messenger.

GOING DOWN HILL.

"That looks bad," exclaimed farmer White, with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fence in one of his daily walks.

"Bad enough," was the reply of the companion to whom the remark was addressed.

"Neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember when everything around his little place was trim and tidy."

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment. As she passed on in a different direction, she muttered to herself:

"Just as I expected. I shall never see a cent. Everybody says they are going down hill. I must get rid of the children in some way."

"Perhaps I may get a half quarter if I manage right; but it will never do to go in this way."

A little discomposed by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stepped into a neighboring grocery to purchase some trifling article of family necessaries.

"I have a little account against you. Will it be convenient for Mr. Thompson to settle it this evening?" asked the polite shopkeeper, as he produced the desired article.

"It is the usual time for settling? was again the surprised and anxious inquiry.

"Well, no, not exactly, but money is very tight just now, and I am anxious to get all that is due me. In the future I intend to keep short accounts. There is the little bill if you would like to see it. I will call round this evening. It is but a small affair."

"Thirty dollars is no small sum to us just now," thought Mrs. Thompson, as she thoughtfully pursued her way toward home.

"It seems strange that all these payments must be met just now, while we are struggling to recover from the expense of the winter. I can not understand it."

Her perplexity was increased by finding her husband with two bills in his hand, and a countenance expressive of anxiety and concern.

"Look, Mary," had said, as she entered, "here are two unexpected calls for money: one from the doctor and the other from the dealer in leather, from whom I purchased my last stock. They are both urgent for immediate payment, although they have always been willing to wait a few months until I could make arrangements to meet their claims. But misfortunes never come single; if a man gets a little bit behind, trouble seems to pour upon him."

"Just so," replied the wife. "The neighbors think we are going down hill, and every one is ready to give us a push. Here are two more bills for you—one from the grocer and the other from the teacher."

Rey was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad, who presented a neatly folded paper, and disappeared.

"The butcher's account as I live!" exclaimed the astonished shoemaker. "What is to be done, Mary? So much money to be paid out, and the butcher opened his account-book with an anxious air, saying as he charged the bill of meat."

"I believe it is time that neighbor Thompson and I come to a settlement. Short accounts make long friends."

"No time to lose, I should say," remarked the farmer.

"Indeed! Have you heard any trouble, neighbor White?"

"No; I have heard nothing; but a man has the use of his own eyes, you know; and I am sure, trusty, one with money who is evidently going down hill."

"Quite right; and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of sickness the poor man has had in his family all winter. I suppose he has run blind a little, but still I must look out for number one."

"Speaking of Thompson, are you?" observed a bystander, who appeared to take an interest in the conversation. "Going down hill is he? I must look out for myself then. He owes me a snug sum for leather. I did intend to give him

another month's credit, but on the whole, I guess the money would be safer in my own pocket."

"Here the four worthies separated each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability that he was going down hill, and the best way to give him a push."

In another part of the little village another scene was passing.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Bent, the dressmaker, a favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window, whence it had been gazing on the passers-by. "If there is not Mrs. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife, coming up the steps with a parcel in her hand. She wants me to do her work, but I think it will be a venture. Every one says they are going down hill, and it is a chance if I ever get my pay."

"She always has paid us promptly," was the reply.

"True; but that was in the days of her prosperity. I cannot afford to add to the afflictions which the Almighty sees to be necessary for us. We met with sickness and misfortune, which we endeavored to meet with patience. All would go well if, around us were not determined to push us in the downward path."

"But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This is a selfish world. Everybody, at least, a man, if they see a poor neighbor going down hill, their first thought is whether it will affect their own interests. They will not help him, nor did they see there one breath of time. He spoke a word to her which was not to destroy the right of another, but determined to do his duty. He is the most upright of the people here. In Literature General News, Foreign and Domestic, and all the latest and best news to make a FIRST CLASS."

"She is on shore could but look on the tail sight. They could give no help. They had no boat or raft; and their hearts were sick in them. Then the Dutch boy came to see near at hand. She was drawn near, and it was seen to make one quake with fear. Right in the midst of all this rage and roar of wind and sea, a great ship, with sails rent and helm gone, came in sight. It rode on the high, white waves, straight on a reef of rocks too far from the shore to reach it with a rope. The ship was full of young and old, whose cries for help could be heard, loud and as was the voice of the storm. Their boats were gone like the shells of eggs. There was no wood nor time to build a raft. The waves leaped on the ship like great white wolves bent on their prey. How could one soul of them all be saved?"

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The Messenger.
SEWARD & TAYLOR,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

H. N. McLAUGHLIN of St. Paul has been appointed U. S. Marshal for this State.

From all accounts, the fact seems to be patent, that at the present time, the United States is at peace with all the world save the Mo-

Tux May term of the District Court for this county meets next Tuesday. Some thirty civil and six criminal cases are on the calendar.

The Chippewa Indian Bobolink, who murdered the Cook family at Oak Lake, died in the Ramsey county jail a few days ago. Let him R. I. P.

MELVIN COXON, one of the sellers of the New Orleans Picayune (Dem.) has been arrested for the attempted assassination of Governor Kellogg of Louisiana.

The Republic State Convention has been called to meet in St. Paul on Wednesday, July 16, to nominate candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer and Attorney General.

WILLIAM ESCAPED conviction at his last trial, but it seems as though he had as much trouble as one man could stand, as fifteen new indictments have been found against him, and he is to be re-tried on the old charge.

THE LOUISIANA REBELLION.
It is admitted that there have been irregularities in the election in Louisiana, and that both parties have been more or less to blame; but that there has been any adequate cause for the trouble now existing in that State, or any solid excuse for the same to resist the constituted authorities is untrue. The Judge of the United States Court, the Judges of the District and the Supreme Court of the State, decided in favor of the present State officers. But this is not all. When these decisions were announced, Warrington applied to the Supreme Court of the United States, for a writ of prohibition against Kellogg the acting Governor, which was refused, Chief Justice Chase giving the opinion in which every member of the Court concurred to all outward appearances, the Kellogg government is the *de jure* as well as the *de facto* government.

At a competitive examination in Norfolk, Va., for a West Point cadetship, there were about twenty candidates, fifteen being white and five colored. Congressman Platt, to whom the selection was referred, decided in favor of a colored boy named John W. Williams, as having passed the best examination. Williams is a colored boy about 18 years of age, who was born in slavery. He has been at school for five years only.

Our troops have at length gained a slight advantage over the Modocs. If this warfare is to be waged much longer, we think it would pay to employ the services of Indian scouts and warriors, thus putting Indian against Indian. It is thought that a few hundred Indians at \$1,000 each would do the work and do it well. This is the case, better employ this way and get rid as soon as possible of the little band that is setting at defiance the army of the United States.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS made a profound mistake in his oration on the life and services of Mr. Seward, in his allusion to President Lincoln, and his estimate of the character of the martyred hero was neither creditable to his heart or head. Some passages in the oration were not only ill-tempered, and in bad taste, but positively untrue. Mr. Adams ought not to have exposed himself to the charge of unfairness in a subject so grave. The surviving members of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet have published a card in which they refute certain statements made in the oration and correct others. This was done at the suggestion of the late Chief Justice Chase. It is feared that Mr. Adams has impaired the respect and confidence of the country had for Mr. Seward. He was very dear to the American people. He had done so much for the country, that whatever shortcomings he had were veiled by the mantle of charity.

We do not affirm that Mr. Lincoln was a perfect man. He had his failings; but during the long years of the Rebellion he stood at his post, and who will believe that his mind did not play and his hand direct the movements of that terrible struggle? A thousand orations by Mr. Adams could not tear from the hearts of the nation the love and gratitude they bear for him who was so well beloved by the people. President Lincoln needs no eulogy to-day, for his name and deeds are as fresh in our minds as on the day when through baptism of blood he was sacrificed by the demon of hate and wickedness. To President Lincoln belongs much of the honor of the success of the North in the Rebellion. Let him rest in peace. Long, long will it be before we shall see another man like him, or feel for a man as we felt for him.

STILLWATER MESSENGER.

VOL. XVIII—NO. 38.

STILLWATER, MINN., FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 922

THE KELLOGG GOVERNMENT RECOGNIZED.

The President yesterday issued a proclamation recognizing the Kellogg government as the regularly constituted authority of Louisiana.

DO RAILROADS PAY?

From reports from many railroad companies, it seems that investments in railroads are not so bad after all. Surely he has done nothing which a person of good ordinary capacity might not do. Dependence on one's self is one of the finest things upon which to build an educational structure, and if we are to be educated at all, we must educate ourselves, and this can be done more easily and perfectly in school than out. But where these advantages are denied us, we have no reason to despair. For example, look at the young man, a black driver, who worked at his business eighteen hours a day, who left school when ten years old. A few days ago he was appointed constable at West Point, on a competitive examination.

Look at a case nearer home. A young man in the Ward Schools in St. Paul, who had never been to school but for a half in his life, now ranks among the first in the City Schools. Our advice, then, to every one is, get an education in the regular way if you can, but get an education at any rate.

To be educated means that the faculties of the mind are developed; to be well educated means that they are so developed and disciplined that they act in harmony with the laws of order, which are the laws of God.

Every person is, to some extent educated; if not in the schools out of them; if not by the fireside, on the farm or in the workshop, in the street; if not for good, then for evil; if not for happiness, then for misery. God's law is development. The hungry, craving mind can not be inactive. Leave it untrammelled, give it free range to such out associations, and a mind will be wrought if its innate depravity does not develop it in the genus of evil, soon by the arch enemy of man.

Let the good therefore assist in the education of all. Help develop the mind into the ways of truth and uprightness.

DEATH OF SENATOR LINDALL—RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At the opening of the adjourned session of the State Senate on Tuesday last President Yale announced the death of one of their number, Hon. Jonas Lindall of Chicago county, and recommended that appropriate action be taken by the body in reference to the said event. Senator Sabine of this city paid a touching tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased, after which he introduced the accompanying resolutions, which after feeling remarks by Senators McDonald, W. D. Rice, Baxter, Edmund Rice, Butler and Talbot, were adopted by a rising vote. Mr. Sabine spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT.—It is becoming as a body, that we take some steps in reference to the death of our sorrow at the bereavement we have suffered in the loss of one of our most esteemed and worthy members. Since our separation a few short weeks ago, the hand of death has laid low the most eminent and distinguished among us, and connected with him will feel more and more the loss we have sustained in the sudden cutting off in the flower and prime of manhood, one possessed of so many talents and qualities. We have lost him for a useful and noble life. Knowing and connected with him as I have been for several years, socially and commercially, I saw in his general conduct and deportment a man who deserved the highest admiration. Coming to the country at the tender age of ten years, and soon after to this State, a stranger in a strange land, in poverty and obscurity, a frail youth, not bold, but with a warm heart and a brave hand, he overcame the barrier of a foreign tongue, as well as many other obstacles in acquiring a liberal education and becoming thoroughly Americanized. His personal and social, or sectional, feeling, and similiarly taught his people that their first duty was to become American citizens. The free land of his adoption was his birthright. His actions and laws were his creed, and when the life of the Republic was threatened, he was one of the first to buckle on the armor in her defense.

Returning to his home at the close of ten years, and yet has made him self, while a young man, a polished writer, an accomplished scholar, a keen and judicious critic, and an editor without a superior in this country. This man has educated himself out of school almost as perfectly as he could have done for counsel and advice, but for employment, a self-taught scholar, a keen and judicious critic, and an editor without a superior in this country. This man has educated himself out of school almost as perfectly as he could have done in the regular way. Others have done the same thing, and though the task may have been more difficult, still it was accomplished.

The foot soldier finds his journey slower and more wearisome than he does who travels by rail, and there is no reason why he may not feel for a man as we felt for him.

reach the journey's end for all that. Another error is that at which Josh Billings hints when he says that "Self-educated men are apt to be a little proud of the job." There may be something in this, and if the mistake is made, it is a serious one. As all educated men are self-educated, the performance of one who has cultured himself out of school is not so very remarkable after all. Surely he has done nothing which a person of good ordinary capacity might not do.

Dependence on one's self is one of the finest things upon which to build an educational structure, and if we are to be educated at all, we must educate ourselves, and this can be done more easily and perfectly in school than out. But where these advantages are denied us, we have no reason to despair. For example, look at the young man, a black driver, who worked at his business eighteen hours a day, who left school when ten years old. A few days ago he was appointed constable at West Point, on a competitive examination.

Resolved, That the secretary of this body be instructed to forward a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

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The Messenger.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1873.

PRAYER AND POTATOES.

If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warned and do nothing, what thing do ye give them? but those things which are needful for the body; what doth it profit? James ii, 15-16.

An old lady sat in her old arm-chair, With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair.

And hunger-worn features:

For days and weeks her only fare, As she sat there in her old arm-chair, Had been potatoes.

but now they were gone; of bad or good
No one was left for the old lady's food.

Of course potatoes;

And she sighed, and said, "What shall I do?"

Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go?

For more potatoes!"

And she thought of the deacon over the way,

The deacon so ready to worship and pray.

whose cellar was full of potatoes;

And she said, "I will send for the deacon to come;

He'll not mind much to give me some Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as could,

Thinking to do the old lady some good,

But never once of potatoes;

He asked her at once what was her chief want,

And she, poor soul, expecting a grant, Immediately answered, "potatoes!"

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way;

He was accustomed to preach and to pray.

Then to give of his hoarded potatoes,

So, not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,

He rose to pray with uncovered head,

But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience and wisdom and grace,

But when he prayed, "Lord give her peace,"

She audibly sighed, "Give potatoes!"

And at the end of each prayer which he said,

He heard, or thought he heard, in its stead,

The same request for potatoes.

The deacon was troubled; knew not what to do;

Twas very embarrassing to have her act so;

About those "carried potatoes;"

So, ending his prayer, he started for the door,

But, as the door closed, he heard a deep groan,

"O, give to the hungry potatoes!"

And then he followed him all the way home,

In the midst of the night it haunted his room,

"O, give to the hungry potatoes!"

He could bear it no longer; rose and dressed,

From his well-filled cellar taking in haste

A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone bethouse;

Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut;

But there sat in that old arm-chair,

With the same wan features, the same sad air;

And, entering in, he peered on the A basket or more from his godly store.

Of choice potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy;

Her face was haggard and wan no more.

"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray!"

"Yes," said the widow, "Now you may."

And he knelt him down on the sandal floor,

Where he had poured his godly store,

And such a prayer the deacon essayed;

As never before his lips essayed;

No longer embarrassed, but free and full,

He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,

And the widow responded aloud

"Amen!"

But still no more of potatoes.

And would you who hear this simple tale,

Pray for the poor, and have praying "prevail!"

Then prefer your prayer with alms and good deeds;

Search out the poor, their wants and their needs;

Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual food,

For wisdom, and guidance—for all these are good;

But don't forget the potatoes.

DEATH BLOW FROM AN UNSEEN HAND.

"What an odd idea, Florence—A bracelet instead of an engagement ring? Was it Victor's idea, or your own?"

"My own, mamma."

Florence Atherton turned from the window, out of which she had been gazing, and drew near her mother's side.

Even in the vague twilight glimmering that filled, just then, the sitting room at Eight Elm's, it was easy to see what an exquisite softness of expression the young girl's face wore, framed in feely affusion of pale, golden hair, and lighted with deep blue, earnest eyes.

"You know, mamma, that most of my ideas are odd! Florence went on presently, in a mild, meditative tone. "I have a fancy that something which merely clasps the finger is not half so strong a love bond as something which clasps the arm. However this may be, Victor has yielded to my wish, and has promised that I shall have the bracelet by to-night."

"Victor would give you his head, and resigned her pure spirit had

Florence, if you were only to put the request persuasively enough; a voice in the doorway now exclaimed, and Letitia Atherton entered the room a moment later.

She was, perhaps, two years the junior of her sister Florence, and though belonging to a wholly different type of beauty was yet fair to look upon. Her eyes and hair were of oriental darkness; her figure, though yet scarcely developed to its utmost, prophetic of faultless symmetry and ripeness; and the abandon of her graceful carriage and gestures would have been sufficient to fascinate many a male heart, even if their accompanying charms had not existed.

"You are sure, Florence," asked Mrs. Atherton, "that Victor will arrive from the city this evening?"

"So he assured me; was the answer. "I always believe Victor promises, mamma."

Later that evening Florence's lover made his appearance at Eight Elm's, bringing with him the bracelet (an exquisite shackles-shaped piece of Etruscan gold, studded with fine opals), which, as we know, his fiancee had considered preferable to the more conventional engagement ring.

This Victor Buchanan was a fine, manly looking fellow, whom Florence had met several months previously while on a visit to some relatives in New York; and the acquaintance then formed between herself and her present lover ripened into an attachment. The match was a brilliant one for Florence, as Victor Buchanan was already the possessor of a large fortune, inherited from his deceased parents.

A month after the marriage, perhaps, that she confessed to him the real truth concerning how she had loved Victor at a time when such love seemed capable of resulting in nothing except misery; nor was it till then, either, that a full realization of how perfectly her latent, though intense, ambition had been gratified made itself clear to her.

Not long after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan were installed in a superb residence, and living at a rate of expenditure that may be said to have harmonized perfectly with Mr. B.'s liberal income.

Recent bereavement in the family, as Letitia euphemistically expressed it, "would prevent their from entertaining for at least a year to come; but at the end of that time they hope to do so in a manner consistent with their wealth and social standing."

And at the end of the year Mr. Buchanan was so far kept, her word as to send out cards for a grand ball; to send out cards for a grand ball; for many days before it was to happen this ball formed the subject of countless ditties, and was universally prophesied to be the most important similar affair of the season.

On the evening when Letitia Buchanan was in a dress whose richness of lace and needlework seemed wholly unsurpassable, swept through the yet vacant but brilliantly lighted drawing rooms of her splendid mansion, pride lent a richer color to the complexion, for which many a woman would have spent thousands, and gave perhaps a more voluptuous touch to the superb bust, whose white-gleamed gleams under sparkling diamonds and mist-like *petit de Venise*.

"He loves me thoroughly," she murmured in low, scarcely audible tones. "He has forgotten Florence's love as though it had been the mereest insubstantial dream. I possess him utterly as my own. Their her lips were silent for a second or two, growing firmer as she continued. "And yet for all that I am certain of his entire love I still mean to test it. I shall never rest until I receive that proof!"

She was knocking at the door of her husband's dressing room; presently—

"May I come in, Victor? You're dreadfully late."

He opened the door and stood, dressed in full evening costume, before her.

"I am lost in admiration, Letitia," he murmured. "No heart was ever lovelier than you are now."

"And yet, Victor, I have had a fancy that my costume needs just something to complete it!"

"What's that?" She held up an arm ornament, though for the Greek *Phryne* of old saying:

"Phew! you're joking, love. You count your bracelets by scores."

"I know it; but—her beautiful lips were very close to his ear now, and those marvelous arms of hers were writhing his neck—there is one bracelet, Victor, that you keep up in that great, old-fashioned cabinet. Shall I tell you why you will not give me this?"

"I am amazed, Letitia. You well know it is because—"

"Because you loved Florence better in the old days. Don't deny it. I know it, Victor."

She turned away from him, and buried her face in her hands.

Victor Buchanan's face was very pale, as he presently said:

"Surely, Letitia, you have not forgotten how Florence on her dying bed—"

She interrupted him in tremulous tones at this point, revealing her face again, which looked agitated and pain-strung. Criticized as more skilful acting, her behavior certainly deserved praise.

"You have forgotten nothing about Florence. You will never forget. O, no, Victor, I can not believe that you love me as I wish to be loved until I receive this proof of it."

"You mean that I must let you wear the opal bracelet to night?"

Her last words had concerned the opal bracelet given her on the day that their betrothal was sealed.

"Promise me, Victor," she had said, "that you will guard it sacredly as a memory of our life together, whatever changes the years may hereafter bring to you. Promise me that no arm save mine shall wear it, whatever new love time may console you with."

And Victor had solemnly promised.

The monosyllable was pleadingly spoken, as with a childish, impulsive gesture she placed her hands upon his arm, and let the dark glory of her questioning eyes fall upon his face.

He met the look with one that was restless, anxious, uneasy—the sort of glance by which a man says, with all the distinctness of spoken words, "Do not importune me or I must yield!"

"Consent, Victor, please consent."

I only ask the favor of you for this single time." Afterward, I will return the bracelet to the cabinet, and let it remain there as long as you choose. Consider, will it be sealing our hopes with a new and beautiful soul?"

And Victor had reluctantly agreed.

The young widow's visits were quite frequent at Mrs. Buchanan's house during a space of fully four months, and the uninterrupted interviews between himself and Letitia very frequently like.

To Mr. Wilkinson nothing was more natural than that such visits and interviews should take place.

It was almost like the bursting of a bombshell when Victor burst into her one evening to announce to her that he had asked for the hand of his niece, and had received an affirmative answer.

Braving comments, they were married about three weeks later, and Letitia found herself the proud sharer of Victor's name and fortune.

Victor Buchanan was a fine, manly looking fellow, whom Florence had met several months previously while on a visit to some relatives in New York; and the acquaintance then formed between herself and her present lover ripened into an attachment. The match was a brilliant one for Florence, as Victor Buchanan was already the possessor of a large fortune, inherited from his deceased parents.

A month after the marriage, perhaps, that she confessed to him the real truth concerning how she had loved Victor at a time when such love seemed capable of resulting in nothing except misery; nor was it till then, either, that a full realization of how perfectly her latent, though intense, ambition had been gratified made itself clear to her.

Not long after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan were installed in a superb residence, and living at a rate of expenditure that may be said to have harmonized perfectly with Mr. B.'s liberal income.

Recent bereavement in the family, as Letitia euphemistically expressed it, "would prevent their from entertaining for at least a year to come; but at the end of that time they hope to do so in a manner consistent with their wealth and social standing."

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SCHEDULE TIME
—
Arrival and Departure of Mails

At Stillwater, Minn.

St. Paul, Minneapolis and the East.
Arrives at 9 A.M. | Leaves at 4 P.M.

Marine Mills.
Arrives at 9 A.M. | Leaves at 1:30 P.M.

Hudson, Wis.
Arrives at 9 A.M. | Leaves at 3 P.M.

Lake Superior & Mississippi Division,
Northwestern Pacific Railroad.

Direct Route to St. Paul, St. Anthony, Minneapolis, Chaska and Carver.

St. Paul, Moorhead and all points
on Northern Pacific R.R. and Red River, Duluth, Lake Superior and lower Lake ports.

Spring Arrangement.—1873.

St. Paul Train.

Stillwater, 7:30 a.m. St. Paul, 9:00 a.m.

do, 1:30 p.m. do, 6:30 p.m.

St. Paul, 10:30 a.m. St. Paul, 3:30 p.m.

do, 12:30 p.m. do, 4:30 p.m.

DULUTH, MINNESOTA & CARRIER RAILROAD.
Stillwater, Duluth, 7:30 a.m. 9:00 a.m. 4:30 p.m.

Leaves Stillwater, Duluth, 10:30 a.m. 12:30 p.m. 4:30 p.m.

CARVER, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNEAPOLIS, CHASKA, HUDDLESTON, 12:30 p.m. 1:30 p.m. 4:30 p.m.

DOUGLASS, 1:30 p.m. 2:30 p.m. 5:30 p.m.

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The Messenger.
THE OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1873.

LOCAL NEWS.

Next Friday is observed as decoration day.

An adjourned meeting of the City Council is held tonight.

The past few days have been particularly favorable for selling bay.

Passawau.—Rev. J. N. Otis and wife returned from the east today.

We have heard no one crack about excessively dry weather this week.

Staples, Doe & Hersey sell 8½ pounds of best Coffee C. Sugar for one dollar.

No one fails to read the new advertisements of Staples, Doe & Hersey and Prince & French.

We are pleased to see Will Richardson on the streets again after his recent severe illness.

A small gallery on Chestnut street, east of Main affords considerable room for the boy's.

Braunau.—Rev. J. N. Otis, pastor, will preach at the Myrtle street church at the usual hours next Sunday.

The steamer Bill Henderson arrived on Wednesday with three barges containing nearly 30,000 bushels of wheat.

Barrows 40 and 50 car loads of wheat are being shipped daily from the Stillwater elevator to Duluth over the Northern Pacific.

To accommodate their rapidly increasing business, Swain & Gray added a new from their machine shop a few days ago.

W. H. Harris, an experienced architect from Chicago, has opened an office at the First National Bank, and is already crowded with business.

A number of time passes on the S. & T. P. real estate Monday. The change was delayed one week at the request of the officers of the W. & Wissens.

"TEN-YARDER KNOCK 'EM ALL!" was the remark of a Teuton in our hearing on Wednesday when he saw his children playing out of doors during the rain storm.

The Court House grounds are being tilled, graded, sowed, tred and fenced, under the supervision of Auditor Johnson. When this work is completed we will have the finest court house and square in the State.

A diverse case is expected to come off at the term of court which commences next week. A number of persons who are relied on for important testimony contemplate being absent from the city for a week or two this time.

Poor Anderson, who stands at the head of his profession as a magician, appears at Hersey & Staples' Hall next Monday evening for a season of six nights. In addition to his wonderful display of magical feats, Prof. Anderson gives away 100 presents every evening, not one of which costs him less than 50 cents.

The Georgia Minstrels will tour our citizens with an entertainment on Monday evening next, at Concert Hall. This troupe is spoken of in the highest terms by our exchanges, and we doubt not those who attend will enjoy a rich treat. The New York Journal, in speaking of their tour says:

The four and one-half hours and two trunks—were well adapted to their several parts, and created a great deal of amusement. The manager, who opens his mouth all over the side of his head, we do really believe that this son of Africa had his mouth made to order, as he is now making it a point to stretch as wide as he can. Such a mouth one people have never had the pleasure of looking into before. This mouth was the subject of a good deal of merriment.

DOY ALLOWED.

At this office, an active lad about 15 or 16 years of age, with proper qualifications, to learn the printing business. 9247

BEAR IN MIND

That the Executive Committee of the Washington County Agricultural Society meets at Lakeland at 10 o'clock tomorrow forenoon, to rearrange the premium list and determine the place of holding the next fair. We hope our business men will send in an invitation sufficiently liberal to warrant an acceptance.

A CHASE AND CAPTURE.

A gray squirrel entered the store of Torius, Staples & Co. on Wednesday, in search of peanuts. The employees discovered him determined to take him alive. The squirrel kept them actively running for 15 or 20 minutes, when he was last captured in a gunny-sack, and placed in a cage, where he had nothing to eat.

WATCH DOGS POISONED.

Several valuable watch dogs have been poisoned within the past week, among them one belonging to W. J. Stein and another belonging to John Kaiser. As a large number of suspicious looking characters are hanging around our streets, it is reasonable to suppose that these faithful sentinels were poisoned to prevent their giving an alarm in case a burglar should be attempting to enter.

GRAND LARVEY.

Dugald Fitzpatrick, an employee at James Staples' mill, was taken before Justice Van Vleck on Monday charged with stealing a pocket-book containing \$100 and a sum of money from his employer. James Nelson. The money, draft and pocket-book being found in Fitzpatrick's possession, he was sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

Gustavus Cadot, a cosmopolitan who wished to engage in the second-hand clothing business, yesterday forenoon sold in a stock at the bono boarding house. At noon, the clothes were passed and Cadot having been seen about town, it was conjectured he was about about dark and located for the night. This morning he was before Van Vleck, who committed him to jail until the opening of court next Tuesday.

INCREASED POSTAL ACCOMMODATIONS.

A DESPERADO IN LIBERO.

It is doubtful if any city in the United States, of the size and importance of Stillwater, is as poorly supplied with mail service as our own. With five passenger trains daily from St. Paul, two from Chicago and two from Minneapolis, no route agent or mail-car enters Stillwater. Our only mail communication with the outside world, save through a few petty local contracts, is by means of a single mail from St. Paul, the mail-sacks being carried in the baggage cars.

The postal business generated by the community is sufficient to attract three times as much service as now rendered, and it is time our rights were recognized. We should have two mails from St. Paul daily, and at least one direct from Chicago. The Chicago train reaches our city half an hour before its arrival in St. Paul where it lies from 12 to 30 hours before it is forwarded to Fargo and the East Coast.

A correspondent of the Minneapolis Tribune who attended his trial, has frequently indulged in the innocent amusement of drawing a bead on passing persons while walking along the streets. Once, however, he was drawn down, and after amusing himself sufficiently at their expense, Jack always took his ease on the steps of the hotel. On Friday last he finished his self-appointed task, having stayed the bar. The next day three painters from the shop of Hall, Wright & Mosier, were engaged in painting the bars in the jail, and when they reached the place Forsyth requested the privilege of showing the painters how to do their work artistically. The brush was handed to him, and after forth across one of the iron bars he turned the brush, saying he wasn't paid off doing that kind of work. Soon after Addison Wright, one of the painters, noticed that a portion of the bar which Forsyth had painted was trifly crooked, and called attention of the turkey to the fact. The turkey locked the prisoners in their cells, and a kick against the bar found it had been sawn in two. He came down town and invited Deputy Sheriff Holcombe and Chief of Police Lyons to come up to mediate on "what might have been."

L. F. WEVER, Druggist.

As entire new style of Hoop Skirt, the first of the kind in this city, at Mrs. Curtis', Chestnut street.

Wear pleasure I would inform the people of Stillwater and the St. Croix Valley that I am now fitted up in Staples' Block, with increased stock, and thanking my patrons for liberal patronage in my old stand, invite them to the most attractive store in the city.

As you have to pay more for postage than ever before, I would like to advise our citizens have it in their power to cause this state of affairs to be remedied in a conversation relating to this matter some weeks ago with Senator Ramsey, the efficient chairman of Postal Affairs.

One of the best ways to effect this is to get Averill or some other to be sent to the Postmaster with the required recommendation, and he should prevail to procure the extra mail service desired.

As Senator Ramsey is more than ever looking after the welfare of the "dear people," we desirous an opportunity to give him an opportunity to render us a little assistance, which we doubt he would be glad to do, to understand, and hence his troubles.

Day, while in court, Jack was handed a death of a turkey, on which he was compelled to sit for a long time after his return to jail—so drunk that the few good points in the fowl were placed entirely in the background by the fat. The turkey was so fat that the poor fellow, by the time he was brought to the jail, was thought for a moment to be cheater to bury his ashes that to continue with the fat. The turkey locked the prisoners in their cells, and a kick against the bar found it had been sawn in two. He came down town and invited Deputy Sheriff Holcombe and Chief of Police Lyons to come up to mediate on "what might have been."

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WANTED TO GET OUT.

On Thursday of last week the Sheriff of Clay county appeared in the office of the Warden of the State Prison, having with him John Walton (Blinky Jack) and John Hoffmann, both convicts from Minneapolis, no route agent or mail-car enters Stillwater. Our only mail communication with the outside world, save through a few petty local contracts, is by means of a single mail from St. Paul, and lodging the Jackson House. Hoffmann is 18 years of age, and was sent up for one year for larceny. Blinky Jack is a notorious character who has been the terror of frontier counties in the vicinity of Moorhead. He is reported to have committed many murders, but has never given any sentence of five years or more with intent to commit bodily harm. At the same term of court he was convicted on two other indictments, both for larceny, and sentenced to the county jail for a year for each offense.

A correspondent of the Minneapolis Tribune who attended his trial, has frequently indulged in the innocent amusement of drawing a bead on passing persons while walking along the streets. Once, however, he was drawn down, and after amusing himself sufficiently at their expense, Jack always took his ease on the steps of the hotel. On Friday last he finished his self-appointed task, having stayed the bar. The next day three painters from the shop of Hall, Wright & Mosier, were engaged in painting the bars in the jail, and when they reached the place Forsyth requested the privilege of showing the painters how to do their work artistically. The brush was handed to him, and after forth across one of the iron bars he turned the brush, saying he wasn't paid off doing that kind of work. Soon after Addison Wright, one of the painters, noticed that a portion of the bar which Forsyth had painted was trifly crooked, and called attention of the turkey to the fact. The turkey locked the prisoners in their cells, and a kick against the bar found it had been sawn in two. He came down town and invited Deputy Sheriff Holcombe and Chief of Police Lyons to come up to mediate on "what might have been."

L. F. WEVER, Druggist.

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The Messenger.
A MINNESOTA
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1873.

LOCAL NEWS.

Next Friday is observed as decoration day.

An adjourned meeting of the City Council was held tonight.

The past few days have been particularly favorable for selling bales.

Passavant.—Ray L. N. Otis and wife returned from the east today.

We have heard no one croon about excessively dry weather this week.

Staples, Doe & Hersey sell 1½ pounds of best Uncle C's Sugar for one dollar.

Do not fail to read the new advertisements of Staples, Doe & Hersey and Prince & French.

We are pleased to see Will Richardson on the streets again after his recent severe illness.

A spacious gallery on Chestnut street, east of Main, affords considerable room for the bazaar.

Religious.—Rev. J. N. Otis, pastor, will preach at the Myrtle church at the usual hours next Sunday.

The steamer Lulu Henderson arrived on Wednesday with three barges containing nearly 30,000 bushels of wheat.

Barges 40 and 50 car loads of wheat are being shipped daily from the Stillwater elevator to Duluth over the Northern Pacific.

To accommodate their rapidly increasing business, Swain & Adell added two more iron lath to their machine shop a few days ago.

W. H. Harris, an experienced architect from Chicago, has opened an office at the First National Bank, and is already engaged with business.

A reason of time takes place on the S. & T. road next Monday. The change was delayed one week at the request of the officers of the W. & W. Wisconsin.

"Taxes axledder knock 'em all!" was the remark of a Texan in our hearing on Wednesday when he saw his children playing out doors during the rain storm.

The Court House grounds are being prepared, graded, studded, trashed, and fenced, under the supervision of Auditor Lamoureux. When this work is completed we will have the finest court house and square in the State.

A diverse case is expected to come off at the term of the court which commences next week. A number of persons who are relied on for important testimony contemplate being absent from the city for a week or two about that time.

Poor Anderson, who stands at the head of his profession as a magician, empir and conjurer, & Stoer Hall next Monday evening for a season of six nights. In addition to his wonderful display of magical feats, Prof. Anderson gives away 100 presents every evening, not one of which costs him less than 50 cents.

The Georgia Minstrels will favor our citizens with an entertainment on Monday evening next, at Concert Hall. This troupe is spoken of in the highest terms by our exchanges, and we doubt not those who attend will enjoy a rich treat. The Madison Journal, in speaking of this troupe says:

"The four men—men—two boys, and two tumbos—were well adapted to their several parts, and made a great deal of fun, especially that chap who opened his mouth all over the side of his head. We do really believe that this troupe, Africa, has never been equal to it, as no common mouth could be trained to stretch as this did. Such a month our people have never had the pleasure of looking into."

The month was the subject of a good deal of merriment.

LOTY RELATED.
At this office, an active lad about 15 or 16 years of age, with proper qualifications, to learn the printing business.

2242

REAR IN MIND.
That the Executive Committee of the Washington County Agricultural Society meets at Lakewood on Saturday morning to consider the permanent list and determine the place of holding the next fair. We hope our business men will send in an invitation sufficiently liberal to warrant its acceptance.

A CHASE AND CAPTURE.

A gray squirrel entered the store of Torius, Staples & Co. on Wednesday in search of peanuts. The employees discovered it, determined to take him alive. They explored kept him alive for 15 or 20 minutes, when he was at last captured in a gunning and placed in a cage, where it is being slowly famished.

WATSON'S POISONED.

Several valuable dogs have been poisoned within the last week, among them one belonging to W. J. Stein and another belonging to John Kaiser. As a large number of suspicious looking characters are hanging around our streets, it is reasonable to suppose that these faithful sentinels were poisoned to prevent their giving an alarm in case a burglar should be attempted.

ORLAND LARGENT.

Hugh Fitzpatrick, an employee at Lulu's Mill, was taken before Justice Van Vleck on Monday charged with stealing a pocket-book containing some \$20 in money and a draft from a swede named Lars Nelson. The money, draft and pocket-book being found in Fitzpatrick's possession, he was sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

Gustavaus Carlson, the policeman who wished to engage in the police force, was arrested and taken before the coroner yesterday forenoon, paid in stock at the noon boarding houses. At noon the clothes were seized and Carlson having been seen about was at once suspected. He was arrested about dark and locked up for the night. This morning he was taken before Van Vleck, who committed him to jail until the opening of court next Tuesday.

DIED.

Announcement inserted under this heading of obituary. Obituaries inserted elsewhere in the paper are to be paid for. Name inserted free of charge.

KILBURN.—In this city May 25, Mrs. Kilburn, aged 75 years, died on Sunday from the residence of H. M. Crandall at 2 o'clock p.m. Friends of the deceased arc invited to attend.

INCREASED POSTAL ACCOMMODATIONS.

It is doubtful if any city in the United States, of the size and importance of Stillwater, is as poorly supplied with mail service as ours. With five passenger trains daily from St. Paul, 5½ miles, no route agent or mail carriers enter Stillwater. Our only mail communication with the outside world, save through a few petty local contracts, is by means of a single daily mail from St. Paul, the mail-sacks being carried in the baggage cars.

The postal business transacted in our city entitles us to at least three times as much service as is now rendered, and it is time the rights of our citizens are recognized.

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The Messenger.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1873.

MISS DOLLY CORNERED.

"I shouldn't be surprised any day, David, to see David Wiggins trying his hand at your gate," said Mr. Blount, regally gathering up his reins.

"Nonsense, brother! what's the matter with his own hatching post?" retorted Miss Dolly, turning in the doorway.

Mr. Blount laughed. Everybody felt bound to laugh at Miss Dolly's crisp saying. She had kept her friends in good humor these twenty years.

"And when David calls on you," pursued Mr. Blount, more seriously, "I do hope, Dolly, you will give him a chance to do his errand. That'll be no more'n fair and the man won't be easy till he has freed his mind."

"What mischief are you the foreunner of now, James Blount?" cried Miss Dolly, facing about like a soldier on drill. "What upon earth have I to do with David's errands?"

"Well, his wife's been dead a year or so," said Mr. Blount, suggestively, shutting one eye, and squinting with the other down the length of his whip stock; "and lately he has been asking for you. You can put that and that together to suit it!"

"Fiddle-sticks!" said Miss Dolly, energetically.

"I shan't say have him, or don't have him—though there isn't like him living than David, but I do say Dolly ought to give him a hearing." And having convinced himself beyond a reasonable doubt that the whip was all right, Mr. Blount tickled his sleepy horse with it, and drove away.

"Oh, my sorrows!" ejaculated Miss Dolly, closing the door with an afflicted countenance, and sitting down so quietly that a photographer might have copied her then and there.

Not that he could have done her justice, for her expression was too quick and varied to be caught by any trick of chemicals, and without it Miss Dolly's physiognomy would have been rather characterless but for her prominent Roman nose. This organ gave tone to her face. By which I would not be understood literally, as saying that she talked through it in a nasal whine.

"You always had a way of falling in at the most unfeared of times. I remember," retorted Miss Dolly, saucily, recovering herself, and going on gathering catnip.

She was fifty years old now, and hoped she had her wits about her.

"You used to say I kept good time only too much of it," pursued Mr. Wiggins, with a sudden inspiration; "but I tell you what, Dolly, time never drags! with me it does as it does these days."

"It's a dull season," said Miss Dolly, with exasperating simplicity.

"I suppose the grasshoppers have eaten most of your wheat haven't they, so it'll hardly pay for rearing?"

"Just so," assented Mr. Wiggins, discomfited. He had not travelled five miles in the heat to discuss the state of the crops.

"Walk in and sit down, won't you?" said Miss Dolly, with reluctant hospitality. Her apron was crumpled at last to its utmost capacity. She devoutly wished it had been larger.

"Well, yes, I don't care if I do," answered Mr. Wiggins, after a hypocritical show of hesitation. "I had a little business further on, at the blacksmith's. No hurry, though, as I know of, and he turned to let down the bars for Miss Dolly who meanwhile nimbly slipped through the fence, coming at all."

"Bless my heart! I don't see but what you're as spry as ever you were," said he, admiringly, as he puffed along in her wake. "Still you must be getting into years, Dolly, as well as 1—no offence, I hope—and I was wondering whether or not it wasn't house for you living alone here, a woman so?"

"Oh, I never was one of the housewife kind," responded Miss Dolly, briskly, tearing her guest in the palm-knuckled-shoulder rocking-chair, "but, for that matter, hardly a day passes without some of James' lads running in."

Miss Dolly satged at the green paper curtains, and intimated that her present happiness would stop feeding on her garden sauce.

"That's just it," continued Mr. Wiggins, eagerly; "you do seem to need a man to look out for your farming interests, now don't you?"

"Yes, I know; but if you was to change your situation, would you enjoy life better, think?"

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